Quevedo's Travells.

Printed for William Grantham
Booke-seller in the Strand.

F. Drapentier sculp.

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THE TRAVELS OF *Don Francisco De* QUEVEDO,

Through

Terra Australis Incognita.

Discovering The

Laws, Customs, Manners and Fashions,

Of The

South Indians.

A

NOVEL.

Originally in Spanish.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Grantham*, at the *Crown* and *Pearl*, over against *Exeter-Change*, in the *Strand*. 1684.

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Nov. 9, 1908.

TO THE READER.

Reader,

YOU *are not to Attribute what follows, to any vanity in the* Translator; *as if like* Pigmalion *he had been in Love with his Work; he values* Popular Applause, *as a* Transient Air, *that vanishes into an* Insignificant Nothing.

Under this Allegory, the too much prevailing Fopperies, *and* Vices *of various sorts of People, are lively represented, and exposed to the World, to*

the end that they may be perſwaded from, or made aſham'd of them.

Preambles and Allegories, have been uſed in Sacred Writ; *yet not cenſured as* Romantick; *and though this Peregrination is repreſented in the Nature of a* Romance; *it is only with an intent by Delightful Vanity,* To Pleaſe and Convince at the ſame time, Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci, *profitable things intermixt with delightful are Captivating.*

Here is Brisk Ingenious Fancy; and Satyrical *enough againſt the uſual Vices, and* Ragnant Roguries *of both Sexes; (for I think that word may be uſed in a* Feminine, *as well as a* Maſculine *Sence;) if your fancy incline to read it, you may; if not, you may let it alone.*

Touching the Original; Know, 'twas my good hap to Arrive at Bilboa, *juſt when this Ingenious Piece of Antiquity in* Manuſcript, *was taking Poſt from*

from a Chandles Shop, *to the* Land *of* Oblivian. *By this means I had the Opportunity and Succeſs, to Redeem from the Teeth of time, and very Paw of Deſtruction, This ſo Admirable and pleaſing a* Tract, Originally in Spaniſh; *whoſe beauty appeared to me in* Tatter'd Robes, *to be the very* Emblem *of* Eternity, *it having neither beginning nor end; and therefore the more juſtly I call it a piece of Antiquity.*

It was very much defaced; Time *or* Accident *having* Worn, *or* Torn *out thoſe* Characters, *which ſerve for diſtinction of* Ages; *as alſo our* Travellers *Name; Except in one place, where was Remaining thus much of the* Mouſe-eaten Author, Don D. *And from hence I concluded, it muſt be either* Quevedo, *or* Quixot; *but that it was rather the former: I offer this Reaſon.*

Becauſe, He of all the Spacious and Flouriſhing Kingdom *of* Caſtile, *was only*

only Valiant to a Miracle: He that never flinch'd at a Voyage to those Dangerous Caverns, *in* Plutos Subterranean Dominions; *was only capable to undertake this so hazardous a Journey; Through the Confines of* Terra Australis Incognita.

But you may Answer, that was but a Dream, *Why? may be so too; and what if this should prove no more, for it seems as unlikely to be reall as that; but I hope if our Circumstances can prove our Indefatigable* Don *the* Author, *it will be sufficient to gain your good Opinion, and Acceptance; and pray why may not we allow him to walk in his sleep, as well upon the* Surface *of the* Terrestial *Globe, as to the* Centre.

And further to Convince you, I assure you the Spanish *was excellently Smooth and Eloquent, in which our Elaborate* Don *was the* Nonsuch.

But then Indeed the Character was Black, Knotty, Rough *and* Uneven;

Like

Like the Notes in Gamut, *well understood by him; but allmoſt unintelligable to a Shallow Capacity. And hence a ſeeming Objection may ariſe, in the Opinions of ſuch as knew the fairneſs of his Writing: but in my Conceipt, is anſwered with this Queſtion.*

Think you that his intimacy with the Infernals, *could not obtain for his Attendant, one of* Plutos Secretaries, *to note, and tranſcribe what his Curioſity Obſerved; yes doubtleſs; and 'tis the rather my Opinion, becauſe it ſeem'd to be Written with a* Cloven hoof.

If ſo, how far the Courteſie exceeded Common favours, Judg ye, when the Devil *to Accomodate him, ſhould leave thoſe* Hot Subterranean Mantions, *and expoſe himſelf to the* Sharp Ayr, *under the* South Pole, *and run the hazard of getting a* Kentiſh Ague.

From theſe Arguments I Conclude in the Affirmative, and I would have

you

you do so too; and then as soon as you shall Hoist *out the* Boat, *and* Ashore all hands, to make new Discoveries.

While I (Somewhat too stiff to Complement, after so toylsom a Journey) will make bold to Rest,

Thine in good Earnest,

R. S.

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Prologue.

Reports by hear-say, who will credit?
What though the Parish Parson saidin?
But that the Truth may passe for Creede,
I, even I my self, Quevedo;
Resolv'd to visit Forreign Islands, (lands,
The Southern Climates, Low and High-
Lands which indeed were other Peoples,
To view their Towns, *their* Churches, Steeples;
Their Cities, Forts, *and* Magazines,
The Courts of Forreign Kings and Queens;
Their Manners, Habits, Customs, Fashions,
And various kinds of Habitations.
Such things, so tickling to my Fancies,
As I have Read in Old Romances,
As Gyants, *and* Inchanted Castles,
Whose Fanes *& Sumptuous Turrets* Dazles
The Eyes of such as passed by,
If they by Chance Look up so high)

These

These Curiosities invite me,
With hopes that Travel will delight me,
To launch into the Curled Ocean,
And hoisting Sail the Ship had Motion,
Which ready lay, when we had stept in,
To plow the Watry Plains of Neptune,
We having Sail'd 3 Leagues, or Nine Miles,
Lost sight of Landmarks, Steeples, Wind-mills;
Now trusting only to the Compass; (mills;
Though Neptunes surly surges thump us,
We in good time got safely over;
But what our passage did discover,
To tell the Truth, was no great matter,
For all we saw, was Sky *and* Water.
Well, but suppose I'me come on Shore,
And then suppose but one thing more,
That what so e're is worth your Notice,
Is in this Little Book, and so 'tis.

The

The Discovery of the Land of Belly-All-Main, *a part of the* South Indies, *Called,* Terra Australis Incognita, *Bordering upon* Terra Dell Fuego.

Of its Scituation.

THE Land of *Belly-All-Main*, is a Region far extending both in *Longitude* and *Latitude*, bounded on the North with the *Æthiopian* Ocean, on the East with the *Sheelands*, on the South with *Fooliana* the Fat, and on the West with the *Filching-Fens*. It lyeth in that undiscovered Continent, where that monstrous Bird *RUC* snatcheth up now and then a whole *Elephant* at a

ſtoop, and ſwaps him up at a Bit; Touching the Soyl, the Fertility is moſt worthily Admirable, and the Ayr moſt delicately Temperate. In *Latitude*, It lieth full ſixty Degrees, and in *Longitude* ſeventy four from *Cabo-de-Bon-Speranza*, and is Scituate almoſt directly oppoſite to the Southern Frontiers of *Affrica*.

Such Coſmographers as Write hereof, divide it generally into two Provinces, *Eat-All-Main*, Called by the Inhabitants *Gluttonia*, and *Drink-All-Main*, By the Natives alſo, called *Quaffonia*. The former ſcituate in the ſame Longitude and Latitude with *Old England*, and the Later, with the two *Germany's*: Both have one *Prince* and one *Law*, and a little Reformation would make them Concur alſo in Habits and Manners.

Of

Of Eat-All-Main *or* Gluttonia.

EAt-all-main is in Form Triangular, and reſembleth the Figure of *Old-Egypt*, being full of Sky Towring-Hills, and yet ſo Fertile, that the very Birds that flock thither from all places to Feed, If they ſtay but three Months at the admirable variety and plenty this Soyl affords: They are ſo Loaden with the luggage of their own Fat, that they cannot poſſibly get wing ſo high as to over-top one of the meaner Mountains, but become ſworn Inhabitants of this Fat Country all their Lives after.

The Shores abound with plenty of Fiſh of divers kinds, and they are naturally ſo Ravenous and Greedy, that you no ſooner caſt your Angling-hook among them, but like *Cole-Miners* about the Rope, when the Candles burn Blew, (which foretells the coming of the Damp) you ſhall have hundreds a-

bout the Line, ſome on the Hook, and ſome on the String, and ſuch as miſs that Opportunity will hold faſt by the Tayls, and Fins, of ſuch as took time by the foretop. 'Twould never Tyre a mans Patience to Angle in this Country, where he is as ſure of Sport, as the Beggar, when (with a Red woollen Rag put down his Back) he doth Angle for Lice.

The Land hath divers good Havens, but no Ship is ſuffered to Harbour There, but ſuch as comes Fraighted with good Fare, and is Loaden with Delicates; the Soyl bears no Tree that bears no Fruit, but all the Hedges are ſtor'd with Apples, Pears, Plumbs, and Nuts of all ſorts, and ſome Hops, but not ſuch quantities of the laſt as in *Drink-All-Main*, where their Plenty is Incredible: I Conceit our Weſtern Engliſh had that kind of Cuſtome from the *Drink-All-Mains*.

This

This Territory of old, both *Eat-All-Main*, and *Drink-All-Main*, was under the Government of the *Thrivingers*, held by the Succeſſion of divers *Thrivonian* Princes, whoſe principal Seat was *Eat-All-Main*: But foreign Invaſions enſuing, and thoſe Antient Worthyes Chaſed from Soveraignty, whoſe Memory is almoſt worn out; By whoſe Extirpation it fell into the Hands of the *Eat-All-mains*, as it continues at this preſent Time.

Of Dreſſingburgh, the firſt Canton of Eat-All-main.

Dreſſing-burg is the firſt Canton of *Eat-All-main*, which is too hot a Climate for any true *Eat-All* to Inhabit; the South-Cape lying under the ſame Latitude with the moſt Southern part of *Caſtile*, and is about 42. Degrees diſtant from the *Equinoctial*. The Inhabitants are of a ſwarthy Tawny, moſt of them having their skins ſhrivled,

and withered, and their Bodies plump't up like a Glove upon a Gridiron; they affect Deliciousness rather than Excess.

Upon the point of this Canton, called the *Swarthy-Cape*, the Country is wondrously Overclowded with Smoak, because of the nearness of *Terra del Fuego*, the Land of Fire.

Upon the left hand thereof lyeth the *City* of *Kitchen-Norton*, the Buildings of which are generally very lofty, and as generally smoaky and ill Scented.

In the midst of this City stands a goodly Temple, Dedicated to god *All-Paunch*, a vast and spacious Building, wherein are a Thousand Altars Burning with continual Incense (except from *Shrovetide* till *Easter*) unto the aforesaid Deity. In the Midst of this Temple is a Tower Erected of Incredible Altitude, called by the Inhabitants *Chimney Turret*, from the heighth whereof

of the whole Region round about have the usual Signal of War given them; for whensoever that Eternal fume ceaseth to ascend in Caligunous Clouds, it is a certain warning that the Foe Approaches.

And this Invasion is most commonly attempted by the Inhabitants of the *Starvling Isles*, otherwise called *Hungerlanders*, for these are the most formidable Enemies that the *Eat-All-Mains* have.

Near unto this City of *Kitchen-Norton* lyeth *Cistern-Burgh*, wherein is the famous Mountain *Cock-Alty*, Exceeding high, but directly opposite in nature to Mount *Ætna*; for whereas that Disgorgeth streams of Fire, to the Detriment of the Neighbour Cities, and Villages; so this Stupendious Mountain *Cock-Alty* sends forth continual Rivers of sweet and fresh water; to the great advantage of the Neighbour Cityes, especially the City of *Kitchen-Norton*. In *Cistern-Burgh* are only some few houses of

entertainment, where commonly do Sojourn for a ſmall ſeaſon the Journying Citizens of *Carp-O-Pan*, *Trout-On*, and *Tench-More*; with Merchandize from thoſe Marine parts, to this tradeing City of *Kitchen-Norton*.

Within the liberties of *Kitchen-Norton*, are certain Villages, firſt *Hole-Cole*, a large Town, conſiſting of a ſtrange form of Building, of Caves under ground. *Tongs-Worth*, & *Fire-Pan-Wick*, two ſmall Villages both in one Pariſh; and on the left hand you have three others, *Spitſted*, *Kettle-Dorp* and *Spoons-by*, all pretty Towns, and well Peopled; *Kittle-Dorp* hath a fair River paſſeth through it, call'd *Ture-Mois*, which they ſay Boyleth every Twenty Four hours.

The Inhabitants of *Spoons-By*, as alſo another ſmall Village nigh it, called *Ladle-Cup*, are inſtructed in no other art, but laving, and are very expert in cleanſing of Ditches, Fiſh-ponds, Wells, or ſuch places; and theſe only are imployed in ſuch Services,

Services, not only in *Kitchen-Norton*, but also in all the Rivers of the Circum-Jacent Cityes of *Eat-All-Main*; as *Gravy-Channel* in the City of *Flesh-Pasti-Nople*, and *Sauce-Bourn*, which watereth the Plains of *Pewter-Plateria*, but principally in those famous Hot-Wells, called the Baths of *Broathington* in the Vallies of *Poringerio*; for which Imployments they have the great Dukes Pattent, so that no others dare intrench upon their priviledges.

Of Banquetois, *the Second Canton of* Eat-All-Main.

PAssing from *Dressing-Burgh*, the first Canton you enter, is the very Garden of *Eat-All-Main*; it is called *Banquetois*, and is as it were a continual Forrest of nothing but *Dates*, *Almonds*, *Figs*, *Ollives*, *Pomgranets*, *Cytrons*, and *Nutmegs*. The River *Oyl-Brook* hath its Course through the heart of this goodly Territory.

The City of *Marchpane* is the chief Town of note it this Canton, being Built after a ſtately manner, with Turrets, and Obelisks, all Guilt over; but indeed it is but of a ſlender kind of Fortification, and lyeth very open to the Enemies Cannon.

A little above this City are certain Mines called the *Sugar-Hills*, whence they dig a certain *Ore*, in Colour whitiſh, in Touch hard, and in Taſt ſweet.

This City hath very few Inhabitants of any years, that have any Teeth left; but all from *Eighteen* to the Grave, are the Natural Heirs of a Stinking Breath.

Next unto this, lyeth another little Corporation called *Drugs-Burgh*, and here they have a Law, that none muſt be made free of the City, but *Apothecaries*, *Grocers*, and *Boxmakers*.

The very Heavens ſeems to Conſpire with the places fitneſs to increas their Trading; for at certain times of the year, you ſhall have the whole Coun-

try

try covered quite over with Aromatical *Trochices*, *Comfits*, and *Confections*, (congealed by the coolneſs of the Airs middle Region) that fall from the Clouds in as great Abundance, (at thoſe times when they do fall) as ever fell ſhowre of Hail.

Of Pewter-Plateria, *the Third Canton of* Eat-All-Main.

AS we paſſed the 55th Degree beyond the line, we entered into a ſpacious Plain; by the Inhabitants called *Pewter-Plateria*, which we entered in our *Map* under the name of *Platters-Plain*; it lyeth in the very heart of *Eat-All-Main*, and the firſt City we met with in this Tract, was *Victualla*, through the midſt of which there Paſſeth a River called *Sauce-Bourn*, whoſe Water is ſomewhat Tart in taſt. In the Market-Place of this Town I beheld a Monument, it was no rare Piece of work, but of a very Antient Model,

the

the top Stone being cut in form of a Sea *Crab*.

I ſhall here omit the fruitful Plains of *Goblet* the great, and *Fatland* Forreſt, together with the goodly City of *Sauſagenia*, a Town rarely Seated, only it ſtands a little too near the Salt Water. I ſhall alſo paſs by *Butterkin* the Fenny, and *Cheſwick*, the laſt Town of all *Eat-All-Main*, and *Situate* upon the very Borders of *Quaffonia*. Theſe I ſlightly paſs, becauſe I would fain be at the Metropolitan City of the whole Region; for that very place alone, in Structure of houſes, Manners of Inhabitants, and formality of Diſcipline, I eſteem above all the reſt.

Of the Metropolitan City of Eat-All-Main, *called* Fleſh-Paſti-Nople.

HEre-about are but few Villages, The Cities having eat up moſt of the Burroughs; neither are their Cityes ſo abundant in number as they are in Riches, and populous

pulous Inhabitants; but of them all, the Prime and Mother-City is that Famous *Fleſh-Paſti-nople.*

Their Old Records do report, that in former Ages, there were two Rich and Potent Cityes, *Fleſh-ton* and *Py-nople*, between whom there was long and vehement Contention about the Soveraignty; *Py-nople* ſtood much upon its Antiquity, but *Fleſh-ton* Counterpoiſed the others Continuance with her own preſent Glory, pleaſant Scituation and Powerfulneſs.

Well, a *Parliament* was called, and Finally, the whole Houſe with one Conſent gave the Supremacy unto *Fleſh-ton*. *Py-nople* thus diſgraced, decayed to nothing, ſo that it is at this day almoſt Impoſſible to know where it ſtood. Now *Fleſh-ton* grew more and more in Luſtre, and both to add a Magnificence to the Name, as alſo to paſte the Foile of *Py-nople* upon the Forehead of poſterity. It left the

laſt

laſt Syllable of its Old Name, and Aſſumed the two Laſt of *Py-nople*, joyning them together with the Cement whereof their Antient Walls were made, and ſo was thenceforth called *Fleſh-Paſti-nople*.

Touching the form, it is rather vaſt in Compaſs, than comely in Building. It hath a Rivelet of Spring-Water Running almoſt through every Street; in which you ſhall ſee a thouſand ſeveral impaled Fiſhponds, wherein they keep *Swans*, *Geeſe*, *Ducks*, *Teals*, and all kinds of Water-fowl. This Current is called *Gravie-Channel*. The City is Double-walled about with the Bones that remained of their Carnival Feaſtings. Theſe Bones are Artificially and with Judgment cemented together with Morter made of the whites of Eggs. Their Houſes within are neither too Stately, nor too Lofty. They love no Aſſents by Staires up to their Doors, partly, becauſe 'tis dangerous to come

come down, when their Brains are throughly moiſtned; and partly becauſe 'tis toileſome to climb up, when their Bellies are bumbaſted. Inſtead of *Lead*, *Tyle* and *Slat*, their Houſes are all Rooft with ſhoulder-bones of Beaſts very cunningly knit together.

The City conſiſts not of any but ſuch as have one dependance or other upon Rack and Manger, the Husbandmen, Carpenters, Millers, and Butchers, have each their Habitations aſſigned in the Suburbs, who notwithſtanding, if they can bring their Bellies to a certain ſize, are preſently Summon'd to *Gurmands* Hall, and made free of the *Wide-throats*; no Stranger can have his Freedom at firſt, unleſs he be either a *Cook*, a *Baker*, or an *Inkeeper*.

The City is Govern'd by a certain number of Grave Senators, peculiarly ſtiled *Alder-maws*, who are not Elected for their Wiſdom, their Wealth, or their Horſe-Tail Beards; but

but by the circumference of their Paunches, which at a ſolemn ſet Feaſt once every Year, are Meaſured, and the more that each mans Rotundity is found to be inlarged, unto the higher place he is preſently Advanced: But if either ſickneſs, or age, do chance to make any of theſe *Alder-maws* caſt their Collops, they are immediately put off the Bench; and as they have loſt their Greaſe, ſo muſt they loſe their Grace at a clap: Why this is hard now: but 'tis true, as hard as it is I can tell you that.

The Geometrical form of the City is Oval, and hath four Gates; at which there do daily attend courſe by courſe four *Alder-maws*, Selected to the Office of *Supervi-ſors of the Paunchery*; and theſe are to examine all that come in, and go out, and to mind that none go out Faſting. If they find any Perſon ſo offending, he is condemned to eat two Suppers. They are alſo

to

to mind that none come in Empty-handed: for not to go out full-Bellied, and not to come in full-Handed, is an heinous contempt of the Cities Right-healthful Government.

Every Month they are bound by Law to Celebrate a ſolemn Feaſt, where every *Alder-man* of the whole Society muſt be preſent, to conſult about the Publick good: Their place of meeting is *Gurmonds* Hall, where being met, and having turned their Wine into Water, and their Oyſters into Shells: Every one takes his Chair, and to Dinner they go: Now, they may not in any caſe have their *Boars*, *Sheep*, *Goats*, *Lambs*, &c. ſerv'd up in Parcels and Joynts, but they muſt have all whole. You ſhall ſee the waiters come ſweating with a whole *Hogg*, or a whole *Calf*, upon a great Pewter Engine; you would bleſs your ſelf to behold it: and he that riſeth before ſix hours be fully run, runs his head under a rigorous fine.

And

And for the breaking up of the Feaſt, thus is their Order. They have a Door in the Hall, large enough for the greateſt *Gutmonger* that lives, and take him faſting. At this Door they enter when they come to the Feaſt, which being ended, he that cannot get his Belly through, is let forth another way; but he that paſſes as eaſily as he came in, is ſtay'd by an Officer appointed for that purpoſe, called the *Sergeant* of the *Maw*, and brought back again, where he muſt ſettle himſelf to a renewed Rouſe, untell his Belly be able to kiſs both the Cheeks of the Door at once, and then he is diſmiſſed.

They have a common *Hoſpital* belonging to this City, wherein all ſuch as have got the *Dropſie* or the *Gout*, or any ſuch diſeaſe, by his Valour in Gurmondizing, are Maintained at the Publick charge.

But all ſuch as have loſt their Teeth by Age, or by eating their Broth

Broth too hot, are forthwith provided for very conveniently, and sent away into the *Spoon-meat* Islands.

The Citizens are Generally of an unmeasurable Groseness, and seemed to me, when I saw them walk, just like so many Tunns, moving each upon two pottle Pots; nor is that man worthy of the least Salutation that is not all Cheeks to the Belly, and all Belly to the Knees.

And such shapes do the Women of this City walk in also, the *German* froes do pretty well in Imitation of these Souse-Barrels; the Young Women may not Marry, till such time as before a Bench of Matrons, They make a publick Demonstration, that their Dugs, and their Chins, can meet without forceing of either.

They go for the most part all naked, only their *Alder-Maws* may wear Gowns, which must be only the Skins of such Beasts as they are

are able to devour alone at one sitting.

Their Schools have no Lecture Read in them, but only *Apicius*. His Institutions of the Art of *Munchérie*, and there are all the young fry taught the Sciences of Carving, Chewing, and Swallowing most profoundly. The *Munchery Lecturer*, when I was there, was one Doctor *Full-Gorge*; a man most rare in his Profession, and thorowly arquainted with all the Fundamentals of the said Sciences.

Their Library is a large Room ranked full of Pots and Cans of all sorts, every sort in their several Classes; so the Schollers have also each his full Pot, and his laden Platter for his Book. The Freshmen have lesser measures; the Sophisters larger, and so up to the Graduaits. The first perhaps has his Pint, and his Pullet; the next, his Quart and his Goose; the third, his Pottle and his Lamb, and so upwards

wards. Nor may any leave his Task, or have leave to play, till he have made an end of what was injoyned him.

If any one ſtay Seven years in theſe Schools, and benefit nothing, he is forthwith Baniſhed for ever into the *Starveling Iſles*, or *Hungerland*, to deal upon *Spaniſh* dinners, furniſhed with half Pilchards. Thither alſo they thruſt all Phyſitians, and Preſcribers of diets. If any one of them be ill at eaſe, he preſently eats a raw Radiſh, drinks a little hot Water, Spews a while, and within a quarter of an hour, *Viah* he lets fly upon *Ajax*, and riſes from his roaſt as ſound as a Bell.

They love veniſon entirely well, but cannot tell how to catch it; only ſuch Deer as comes willingly amongſt them, thoſe they Intangle in Nets, and take them. But the noble Swine, Oh they priſe that Beaſt above all others! whether becauſe of their ſympathy of natures,

tures, being both fatally Consecrated to the Table, or by reason that the Swine will feed on the Courlest meat, and be sooneſt fed, I am uncapable to determine.

If any one keep his provant while it ſtinks, he is forthwith condemn'd of High Treaſon, and ſpitted upon a Stake. Only two Reſervations their Law agreeth unto; The firſt is, they may keep Veniſon till it be all Hoary, and Mouldy; And the ſecond is, they may lay their Cheeſe where they think good, till it be ready to creep away with Maggots: To theſe Worms they uſually ſcrape a little fine Sugar, and with the point of a Knife, or a Spoon, craſh them up as if they were ſo many Almond Comfits. I wonder our *Low-Dutch* ſhould be ſuch Loggerheads to follow them in this filthy faſhion.

The

The Wars of the Eat-All-Mains.

THE *Eat-All-Mains* have unreconcilable Wars with two other Nations, the *Hungerlanders* of the *Starveling Islands*, and the *Thrivengers* of *Thriveingois*.

The first Inhabit certain Western Isles in the Atlantick Sea, not far Distant from *Eat-All-Main*; but the Latter lye Somwhat farther off it, by reason of a great part of the *Territorie* of *Fool-I-Ana*, and some parcel also of *Shee Land*, that puts in between them.

Their Historical Monuments relate, that the *Hungerlanders*, being confederate with the *Thevingenians*, have made many Terrible Invasions upon the *Eat-All-Mains* Borders, and one time gave them a sore Foyl, the Inhabitants being forced to hide themselves in Caves under ground, untill their gods pittying them, made their foes own Chops their fatal destruction; for they

they did ſo Engorge themſelves after this ſudden change, that growing hereby all diſeaſed, there was not a man of them left in three years. If you would have given a Spaniſh Royal for a man, no not a man to Caſt at a Dog.

The *Thriveingers* alſo, the Antient Inhabitants of this Land, have made many attempts to Regain their loſt Poſſeſſions, but have been continually beaten back by the *Eat-All-Mains* good ſucceſs.

They march unto Battle Armed only before, (needing no defence behind, becauſe they cannot Run away) in Ox Hides, Sheep-Skins, and Swines Pelts, that you would imagine them to be a herd of Cattel that were driving to the watering place.

Their weapons commonly are Spits, and-Fire Forks, and ſome of them have Croſs-bows made of the bones of large Oxen. But the very truth is, the *Drink-All-Mains* give them

them their beſt Aſſiſtance, for had it not been for them, the *Eat-All-Mains* had been down the wind long ere this; and there's the main of the whole matter.

Of Idle-Burgh, *an Imperial free Town.*

Idle-Burgh is a famous and free State, and hath a large Territory under command; it is Scituate in the fartheſt confines of *Platters-Plain* towards *Fooliana*. The Citizens live in far more happy Eſtate than ever *Monk* did, having all things they can deſire in Abundance.

The Town is ſo ſtrongly ſcituated, that it is Impregnable, being Built upon a Rock ten *German* Miles in height, and withall, ſo ſteep, that it is utterly Inacceſſible; at the foot of this Cliff Runs the River *Idle*, whereof the City taketh her name. Runs did I ſay, hold, it ſeems rather to Creep, being more like a Lake than a River.

There is but one way up to the Town, that is, the Townſmen letting down a Basket faſtned to the end of a Rope, do hale up the Paſſengers.

They live all upon certain Birds Naturally bred amongſt them, the Inhabitants call them *Gulls*, which ſerve the Cities uſe with three ſorts of Meats, Fleſh, Eggs, and Fiſh: Fleſh from their own Carkaſſes, Eggs from their Neſts, and Fiſh which they bring for the feeding their young ones in huge exceſs: And beſides, the Sticks of their Neſts finds the Citizens with perpetual fireing; What would you have more, and more you ſhall have? Their Feathers ſerve the Citizens for ſtuffing their Beds; yes marry do they, and ſome to ſpare alſo for Tranſportation.

The Ground within the Walls brings forth whole Vintages of delicate Grapes, and whole Harveſts of the pureſt Wheat.

The

The People do live an uncurious Life, they Sup, they Sleep, they Riſe, they Breakfaſt, they Dine, they Sup, and ſo round in a Ring. Unleſs a little whoreing now and then chance to add one dance more to the Round.

The *Richer* ſort have many Servants to attend on them; one to open the Maſters eyes gently when he awaketh, Another to fan a cool Aire whilſt he eateth, A third to pop in his victuals when he gapeth, A fourth to fit his Girdle to his paunch as it riſeth, and falleth: The Maſter only Exerciſeth Eating, Digeſting, and Laying out.

There are Divers other Cityes that hold of this *Idleburgh* in *Capite*, and under protection of her, enjoy the ſame priviledges with her, as *Sleep-on*, and *Snort-apace*, where the Inhabitants are ſeldom or never awake; and it is ſtrange to ſee how fat they grow with this Drouſie Lethergy.

The Religion of the Eat-All-Mains.

THey cannot endure *Jupiter*, for he, when he Thunders, Sowers all their Wines; but they have a good Devotion to god *Trine*, becauſe he eateth up all things before him, and ſhews himſelf therein a true *Eat-All-Main*. They have built a goodly Temple unto him, in which I ſaw the Picture of *Saturn* eating up his Children very Artificially pourtraid.

On *Shrove-tueſday*, They Offer Sacrifice to this Deity, whoſe power appears to them once every year in form of a huge Monſtrous, Ravenous Fowl: The Inhabitants call him *RVC*, to whom they preſent whole Hecatombs of Raw Fleſh thus Ordered.

Shrove-tueſday, As I ſaid before, is the day of Sacrifice. The place in *Pewter-Plateria*, where is a large *Plain*, lying towards the *South*, incirculed

circuled with Mountains; unto this Plain do all the Inhabitants flock, bringing with them an Ocean of Victuals, as *Elephants*, *Camels*, *Oxen* of the largeſt ſize, *Boars*, *Sheep*, *Goats*, with a whole Army of *Fowl*, all with their Feathers pluckt off: All theſe are put as it were into this large Cage; which done, they get them up on the top of the Mountains ſides, as if they took their Seats in a *Playhouſe*, and with bended knees do there expect the comeing of this Deity, *Old RUC* of *Rucks-Hall*. At length Sir, you ſhall ſee him come afar off, with a noiſe Able to Deaf the whole Nation three hundred miles about, with a great crooked Bill, as bigg almoſt as half the *Equinoctial Circle*, with a pair of Tallons like two broad ſpread Oakes, with two Eyes in his head like two Towns that were on fire, and ſuch an Inundation of *Harpies*, *Ravens*, *Vultures* and *Hawks*, about him. *O! ſtrange ſtupendious ſight for*

Men to behold! and with a Cry able to procure an Earthquake, they Approach the Plain, and by and by their Wings Eclips the Sun, and bring a Midnight over the whole Valley.

Three times they flag about the Plain, while the People pour out their very Bladders in Tears, and all that is in their Bellies in hearty prayers to this Rout of Religious Birds.

By this time General *R U C*, the Leader of this Starved Regiment, hath ſpied his Prey: For you muſt Note, he out of all this *Folio Catalogue* of Carcaſſes, muſt chuſe what pleaſeth his Tooth firſt.

Well, ſuppoſe he take ſome five *Elephants*, or half a ſcore of *Oxen*, he is to be firſt ſerved, and then every one to his ſhark, *Tag*, *Rag*, and *Longtail*. Here you ſhall ſee one fly away with a *Calf*, there another with a *Lamb*; here one with a *Boar*, and there another with a *Swan*;

Swan; every one fitting his Luggage to his ſtrength: And thus with a Reverend applauſe of all the ſpectators, they depart every one with his carriage, and leaves the reſt behind them.

All which the people are bound in Conſcience to make ready, and eat up ere they depart, whereby their Bellies are ſo overcram'd, that they loath fleſh forty dayes after; During which ſpace they live all upon Fiſh: This vacancy ſharpens their Appetites, to fall greedily to Fleſh again at the time expired. As ſure as Death, the *Pope* had his *Lent* ſent him out of this Country, upon granting the *Eat-All-Mains* ſome odd *Indulgences*, or upon diſpenceing with them for *Ember-Weeks*.

Of the *Laws of the* Eat-All-Mains.

Grmonds-Hall is a ſtately Structure Built in Orbicular

form like a Theatre, as well large and high as Beautiful, ſet forth with fair Arched Windows, whoſe Lights are of tranſparent Horn Curiouſly pannelled; the Roof ſupported by Pillars, which are of the Thigh Bones of *Elephants*, very artificially cemented together; and over the front of the Entrance, are theſe Verſes fairly Engraven in Letters of Gold.

Let no Thin Jaws preſume to paſs this Stone,
The place is Sacred to the Plump alone.

And within the Hall hangs a Table chained to a Pillar, containing theſe Inviolable Laws.

I. *That Eating but one Meal a day be henceforth held for A Capital Tranſgreſſion.*

II. *He that overthrows a full Diſh, or Cup Raſhly, ſhall be forthwith by This Statute, enjoyned Standing upright on his Feet, to have a diſh of Broth ſet between his heels, which he muſt eat all up with a Thimble.*

III. *That*

III. *That none Eat alone, nor violate the Laws of the Table by any private Suppers, upon pain of Eating his next Meal with his heels upwards.*

IV. *That if the Mouth be full, it ſhall be ſufficient to anſwer by holding up the finger.*

V. *That breaking Wind, either by belching or otherwiſe, be held not only Lawful, but Honourable.*

VI. *That if any one hold his breath while his Belly is Meaſuring, he ſhall be forthwith made uncapable of Advancement.*

VII. *That no Perſon ſhall leave on his Trencher or Plate, any piece of meat, under pretence it is too fat, or will overlay his Stomak, under the penalty of being puniſhed for a puny; which is, that he make his next Meal at a Side Board, out of picking the Bones that remained of the laſt, and this in the ſight of all the reſt, as well for their Sport, as that it may be a warning to them: for this is held of great Diſrepute.*

VIII. *That a Regiſter be kept of all Tranſgreſſors from time to time; and that both Guilt and Puniſhment be Recorded; as to place where, and time when; whoſe Offences may remain as Badges of Diſgrace to poſterity, and of Fame, Credit, and Worthy Commendations, to ſuch as are Loyal and obedient Obſervers of the Law.*

Signed All-Paunch.

Of the Election of the Great DUKE.

THere is a ſtately Palace built upon a narrow ledg of Land lying juſt between *Eat-All-Main*, and *Drink-All-Main*: It was built as their Antient Chronicles Report by a Gyant called *All-Paunch*, who was of an incredible height of Body, *Pliny's Oreſtes*: Or, *Plutarches Orian*, were but Dwarfs in compariſon of this almighty *All-Paunch*; ſup-

ſuppoſe rather that you ſaw *Antæus*, that was Sixty Cubits high, or him whoſe Carcaſs was digged up at *Drepana*, whom the *Symetrians* judged by his Thigh-bone, could be no leſs then two hundred Cubits high. This latter, I ſuppoſe might be the Brother of *All-Pauch*.

This *All-Pauch* was the firſt that by Conqueſt drave the *Thrivonians* out of this Land, brought in a New People, and gave them new Laws, and his Soul they Imagine to be entred into that huge Bird *R V C*, in which ſhape they do yearly adore him, and have him in as great reverence as the *Turks* their *Mahomet*.

He Lyeth Buried in the midſt of the Pallace Court, where for a ſacred Memorial of him, is a Statue Erected, far higher than *Lyſippus* his Brazen *Coloſſus*, and upon the Baſes thereof, *Like the Engliſh Inſcription on the* London *Monument*, was this *Epigraph* fairly ingraven in Capital Char-

Characters, in the *Belly-All-Mic* Tongue.

I All-Paunch, Duke of Belly-All-Main, Lye here Entombed, Dying a Lord, a Victor, a Prince, a Deity. Let none pass by me Fasting, nor name me Hungry, nor salute me Sober: Be mine heir he that can, my Subject he that will, Mine Enemy he that dare.

This Dukedom is Elective, their being four chief Linnages or Families that may stand for the Election, which are the *Treble-chins*, the *Bacon-chops*, the *Wool-sacks*, and the *Tun-Bellies*. The *Nimble-chops* have pretended a Tytle to their Right in the Election, who after some Debates were cast, so that they may

may not attain to it, unleſs firſt by Adoption into one of thoſe four Royal Families.

Now this is the Order of the Election, There is Yearly a Tilting ordained, not with Spears, but of Barrels. Whereunto every one comes Armed with his Teeth all new ſharpned, and too't they go; where he that unhorſes moſt meat, and lifteth moſt meaſures of Wire out of their Pewter Sadles, is Honcured with a Crown of cluſtred Vines, and Saluted by the Title of Lord *High-Steward* of *Belly-All-Main*, the Dukes next Inferiour.

The Tournament ended, each one ariſeth if he can, and laying his hand on the ſacred Tomb of dead-Duke *All-Paunch*, taketh an Oath by the Deities of *Bacchus*, and the Reverend *All-Paunch*, to perform his Duty in the Election without partiallity.

Then

Then they depart to the Theatre, and take their places to Behold the Ceremonies of the Election.

And first cometh forth the new chosen Lord *High-Steward*, bringing in his hand a Golden Girdle, enchaced with Pearls, Diamonds and Rubies: This they call the Sacred Belt of State; then the last years Duke puts it on, and taketh an exact Measure of his own Sowse-tub; so do all the rest of the Nobility after him, one after another; and he that can set it on the Tenters without stretching of his belly, or holding his breath (if it sit so stiff that it must needs be let out one hole more) he is the man that with loud Acclamations both of the Nobility, and Mobile, is proclaimed high Duke of *Belly-All-Main*. But if none exceed the Magnitude of the former Duke, he holds his Monarchy till the next year, or till anothers guts over-vote him by Pole.

Then

Then cometh his Cup-bearer, and upon his knees presents him with a Silver Tankard of some dozen quarts, and intreats his Grace to Drink a health to the People.

Who taking it, and lifting up the lid, begins an Oration, and taking a fresh Oath by St. *All-Paunch*, declares that he will be a Bulwark to their Liberties, a Drudg to their Business; a Terror to their Enemies; a Father to their desires; and an Increaser and Inlarger of their Measures; Denounceing himself a professed Enemy to Hunger, and Thirst, to sower Ale, to Meagerness of Wine, Beer, and Bodies, so long as he shall wear that Royal Belt; protesting that none should Fast unpunished, or be Drunk unrewarded.

Then setting the Tankard to his mouth, stole off the Liquor every drop, save a little remainder which he was by custom to set upon his Thumbs Nail, and lick it off, and so he did; then continuing his Oration

tion, said, *From the bottom of my Heart I do wish you continually drunken Heads, full Bellies, and fat Fortunes.* Which ended, the Audience bellow out their Aplause, with long live *Bowsing-gut-Wool-Sack, Cæsar Emperor* of *Belly-All-Main.* At least a dozen times, every time inter ecco'd with a Volley of Acclamations.

Then the Lord *High-Steward* presents him with the Sword and Mace of the Government, which are a great long Knife, and a pretty Golden Tunn, pronouncing according to custom, these words, *Use and Enjoy.*

But then for the Coronation Dinner and Supper, O! Monstrous what piramids of Platters and Chargers! What Mountains of Flesh and Pastery! What Castles of Banquetry! And what Deluges of Wine, Beer, Ale, and Brandy did I behold there! It is impossible to particularise; only this I declare, the Streets that Night were strewed so thick

with

with Drunken Carkaſſes, that 'tis my opinion there were never more Memories left in the Field, of the greateſt Maſſacre that ever this Modern Age was witneſs of.

Of Starvling Iſland: *Or*, Hungerland

WE have almoſt loſt the Remembrance of *Starvling* Iſland; take it therefore now as a penance for your tedious abode in *Eat-All-Main*. It lyeth under three and thirty Degrees of Longitude; and four and fifty of Latitude, being on the *North* directly oppoſite to *Cabo Bianco*; and on the *South* unto *Filching-Fens*. It is a Stony Barren, Graſſeſs, Sandy Soyl.

There are ſome Trees in it, but they have no Bark left; no Bloſſom nor Bud; nay the Weed cannot find in its heart to make the ſmalleſt Reſidence in theſe quarters.

The Lands Natural Barrenneſs affords no diſtinction either of

Summer

Summer or Winter; becauſe the Inhabitants ſnap up their herbs as ſoon as ever they peep out of the ground.

All that dwell in theſe parts are Exiles, and their hew is naturally between a Pale and a Swarthy, their Skins are crumpled like half burnt Parchment, and puckerd like the hide of an Elephant. The al-viewing Sun in all his Race never beheld ſuch gaſtly Animals; you would ſwear they were Anatomies cover'd over with freſh Skins.

Here you ſhall have one laying a Plot how to intrap the Flies, there another contriving a conſpiracy againſt the Worms; yonder another ſit ſhaving the Earths new ſhorn Beard, to diſcover the Roots of the ungrown Graſs.

They have a ſtrange and fierce wild Beaſt Rangeth continually in the Nights all about the defarts of this Iſland, which they call *Empty-Maw*; it will keep ſuch a terrible barking,

barking, that it makes the hollow Ayr Eccho again; and whosoever in this Island heareth it not bark once in twelve hours, grows immediately Deaf; but he that heareth it thrice in thirty six hours, and giveth it nothing to devour, ere twelve hours more be run, dyeth immediately, provided alwayes he can live no longer.

Other Beasts I saw none in all this Island, except a sort of Wolves, and some Monkyes that had eaten off great part of their Tailes.

Indeed I durst not make any long abode in so lean a Land, I think it was no great Wisdom: What think you?

Thus far of *Eat-All-Main*, and the adjacent Isles; now proceed we to *Drink-All-Main*, and so good night.

Of Drink-All-Main, *the Second Province of* Belly-All-Main.

YOU cannot expect an exact Description of *Drink-All-Main*, for I durst not for my Ears enter into any City of the whole Province, untill it was dark night, that all the Citizens were wrap'd in Wine and warm Clouts; And then how was't possible to discover any thing to purpose? For to tell you the truth, I feared the Burgomasters bounty; it being their fashion, as soon as any one sets a foot within the City-gate, to give him I know not how many Lifts of Wine for his welcome, receiving him in such Pomp, and State; and all out of the common Purse of the City: All which Folio Cups he must take off, or else he is held an ungrateful, unmannerly fellow. Nay, which is worse, a direct Foe to the common good of the City. Now I feared both this Honour, and this Danger.

This

This Province is somewhat larger than *Eat-All-Main*, being as broad, or rather broader than both the *Germanies*.

No Nation under the Cope of Heaven, so fortunate, nor so abounding in the delicate Juce of the Grape as this: The peculiar Wines of all our Europian Kingdomes are here; the *Germans Rheniſh*, the *Frenchmans White* and *Red*, the *Spaniards Maligo*, and the *Canaries* pureſt *Sack*; pshau, they have all, all to Exceſs.

The Temperature of their bodies are different from the *Eat-All-Mains*, who delight in the qualities of heat and drought; whereas the *Drink-All-Mains* affect heat and moyſture; ſo that the bordering neighbours do jearingly call the *Eat-All-Mains* Kitchen-Bellies, and the *Drink-All-Mains* Celerian-Bellies.

As they are more ingenious than the *Eat-All-Mains*, ſo are they more Laſcivious. In their youths they are generally quick-witted; but being

ing grown to a Graver Age, especially Old Age, they grow so forgetful, that you shall not have one amongst Twenty that can remember his own name.

Of the Shires of the Province of Drink-All-Main.

THE whole Province is Divided into three Counties, the County of *Wine-ceſter*, the County of *Uſquebah*, or *Brandy-Bridg*, and the County of *Hopſack-oclun*, or *Bru-Malta*, called by some *Strong-Biera*.

Wine-ceſter is parted from *Eat-All-Main*, on the West by the River *Piſs-On*, a salt Current that Ebbs and Flows; which River runs round about the Dukes Pallace. The Philosophers of this Country affirm, that it hath not its Saltnes from the Sea, but from an airy humor that often falls upon it.

The first Town I came unto in this Region, was called *Vine-Spring*. It is in form of a five angled Trencher, whose

whose Borders extend as far as *Vine-Prop* hills; so that some of it became part of the Suburbs of *Clusher-Beg*, a pretty fine City wall'd about with Stones of the Colour of Brick, but somwhat deeper of Dye. This City stands in the bottom of *Pressing-Dale*, a Valley so called; through which runs a delicate River called *Juice*, which passeth along by three or four pretty Cities, seated upon the the Banks thereof, to the founders eternal commendations.

Their names are, first *Tankards-Bridg*, next *Tunning-Tree*, then *Broaching-Ford*, and lastly *Carousi-Kanikin*.

Tunning-Tree is fortified with a wall of wood, and *Broaching Ford* hath never but one gate open at once; and that when it is shut, is made fast with nothing but the end of a Faggot stick. There is not in all the World any one River comparable to this, which runs through these Cities; for besides the pleasing meanders

meanders that it makes in its wanton courſe; the water is ſo ſweet and delicate, that neither the beſt of *Europes* Wines, nor the *Turks* delicious *Zerbeth* can poſſibly excell it.

It hath but one peculiar Fiſh belonging to it called a *Tap*, and this Fiſh will ſomtimes lye by the Shore, and ſpout a huge deal of the water aloft; and it is ſomewhat more pleaſing in taſte than before, and this the Inhabitants watch for in Boats, and when they get it, make great ſtore of it.

This River, as I told you, paſſeth through *Tunning-Tree*: but hold, I had forgotten one Town, it goeth from thence to *Celleridg*, ere it come to *Broaching-Ford*, and ſo by *Broaching-Ford* paſſeth directly unto *Carouſi-Kanikin*, the prime City of the whole Province.

The Description of Carousi-Kankin *the chief City of* Drink-All-Main, *as also the Fashions, and Manners of the* Drink-All-Mains.

Carousi-Kankin is a name, I understand not farther then what light I have of it from the *German* tongue.

The City is built upon a Hill, and carrieth the form of a Tankard from what Quarter so ever you behold it.

It is of Antient Renown, and one of the best seated Ports for Traffique in all the whole Land.

It is strongly fortified with Barricado's, and Bulwarks built all of Barrels, the Roofs also of the houses are tiled with the Boards of broken Casks.

In the entrance of the gate is placed a double Cannon of Pewter, charged to the Muzzel. This their

Law Commands to be duly observed; the Citizens call it the Flaggon of Hospitality, and round about it are these words Engraven'd, *Aut Bibe Aut Abi*, drink or be packing; and whosoever ariveth, must either drink it all off, or be carried before the Magistrate to Render an account of his Contumacy.

But by chance, I met with a Traveller who was bound to the City as will a I; who being acquainted with their fashions, brought me secretly by night into the Town, and shew'd me such things as I should never have discovered of my self.

The Fronts of their Buildings are so wholly hid with spreading Vines, that had I not seen the Signs hang out on every side, I should have sworn I had been in a Vineyard, and not in a City: it is indeed a very pleasant Prospect.

In the Market-place are all the Measures hung up in chains, Sealed with the Dukes Stamp.

The Inhabitants go all naked, but for a Wreath of Vines about their Fore-heads; but their skins are all painted after the manner of the Ancient *Picts*, every one after what form he pleases: you shall see some so perfectly painted like Flaggons, that if one of them set but his Armes a Kimbo, you wou'd swear it was a living *Flaggon* with two Handles: I saw one painted so directly in the shape of a *Whale*, that when he Vomited, no Man in the World, but would have taken him for a live *Whale* Spewing up the Ocean.

I had a great desire to see the manner of their Publick Feasts, and not be seen by the Citizens; and mine Host with much intreaty agreed to perform my Requests, giving me withal certain Cautions of Danger; and likewise informed

me in ſome neceſſary Points of Behaviour: So mine Hoſt and I got us into the Town-Hall in the Evening un-eſpyed, by and by came the Feaſters, and taking their places juſt as the *Eat-All-Mains* did, only theſe had leſs Meat, and more Drink.

At firſt they began a Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, their general god, whoſe Statue ſtandeth at the upper end of the Table, holding in his right Hand ſupported by his left, a mighty *Goblet*: into this ſtanding Cup, the Maſter of the Ceremonies, in the Name of the whole Company, pours a Hogs-head of Wine (for it holds no leſs) which paſſeth in Pipes, as through Veins into his Body, and from thence he piſſeth it, till it be all out; and this is the Hour-glaſs, proportioning the continuance of the Feaſt: for when he leaves pouring out, they muſt all leave pouring in, and that upon pain of Sacriledge.

Then

Then comes up a Service; I proteſt at firſt ſight, I took it for a Diſh of *Shooing-Hornes*, but upon ſtricter Obſervation, found they were *Red-Herrings*: There was alſo a Diſh of *Anchovis*, with *Capers*, and *Pickled-Cowcumbers*; and laſtly, a *Weſtphalia-Gamon*.

Then begins the Full-pots to move about the Table, and the empty ones againſt the Wall; ſo that one could not poſſibly tell, whether they were ſooner fill'd to be emptied, or emptied to be fill'd.

Now, when one of them will Drink to another, he firſt Challengeth him with a Solemn Ceremonious Song: Then they joyn hands faſt together, and giving a ſound ſhake, the Challenger Advanceth his moiſtned Weapon, and blowes it dry: he may puff a little, but the Pot muſt be ſure to be Diſcharged of its Liquor, ere it be ſevered from his Gripe; and then the other anſwers him at his own Weapon.

Well, the Seasoning Banquet being Devoured, and the Cloath thrust up on a heap: The Master of the Ceremonys Cryeth, *Healths*, Three times, with an Audable Voyce: And I supposing this had been a Summons to the breaking up of the Company, began to be jogging, till my Host pulling me by the Sleeve, told me, the Feast was hardly begun: Pray stay (quoth he) and see the Conclusion; don't you see how fast god *Bacchus*'s Hour-glass Runs? So I sate down again.

Then steps me out one of the Company, and taking off his Wreath, down upon his Knees he falls, (I thought he had been going to Prayers) and presently calls for a Quart. A Health quoth he to Great *Bowsing-gut Wool-sack Duke* of *Belly-All-Main*, and presently the Pot stops his Breath, he Drinks, he Puffs, he Belches, he Talks, untill within a while he had Gulped down as many

many *Quarts* as his Name had Letters in it: and when he had done, falls a Spewing, till all cry'd Twang again.

Well, they all follow in Order, from the Highest to the Lowest, each one with the same Pot, Execution, and Ejection, proving himself thereby a Faithful Citizen; this past, up starts another, with this Catch.

A Health to thee, and ev'ry Swain,
That Wisheth well to Drink-All-Main.

Seasoning his Song with many a Goodly Belch, and so down upon his Marrow-bones, and up with the Pot-hand smooth, the Devil a Bone finds he in the Drink; and after him they must all Follow; wo be to him that Hangs an Ars.

This Showre over-blown, out steps a Third, Advancing a quart of Plump Claret to the Health of all

the *Quagmiriſts*, which is the General Name of the Nobility of this Famous City of *Carouſi-Kanikin*; briefly after him they go, and thus every man in Order brings in his Foundation of a new Round.

Now every man having his Share, they muſt each one in Order (Pox on't that Madded me) go play the Poet, out of the Inſpiration of *Bacchus* only, every one Sings his own Song; and inſtead of Harps, they have their Knives and the quart Pots, and truly they made fine Muſick on't. One in his Song commends his Miſtriſs, another the Goodneſs of the Wine, a Third Relates all the Paſſages between him and his Wife at home, another Rhimes all in Satyr againſt one that was not at this Drinking, every one keeping Tyme with the Muſick.

While theſe Songs were Singing, it was ſtrange to ſee their ſeveral Poſtures, and Behaviours; you ſhall

ſee

ſee one for pure Love weeping in his Fellows Boſom, another ſit kiſſing his Companion, one in an Extaſie of Laughter, though himſelf knows not at what, another down upon all four in Devotion to *Bacchus*, another Arguing of Religion, and matters of State; and here in a Corner, you ſhall have another ſit Nodding, and Slavering: 'Twould do a Blind mans heart good to ſee it. But all this while the Cup is not forgotten.

Well, the Hour-glaſs being run all out, they Riſe (if they can) and with wheeling Complements are taking Leave of each other.

One thing my thought was very Obſervable; they have certain *Flamins*, who are Prieſts to *Bacchus*, who frequent theſe Revelling Feaſts, they go Cloathed only in a Gown of Black, girt about their Waſtes, with a Silken Cord; and ſeeing theſe amongſt the reſt in motion, I could not chuſe but ſmile; for their all

black Bodies, and ſhining *Rubrick* Faces, ſeemed juſt like ſo many *Charcoles* lighted at one end, dancing the Hay amongſt the Reeling Multitude.

Well, but quoth I to mine Hoſt, how the Devil will they get all home now? Fear nothing quoth he, don't you ſee thoſe Ropes there in the Court, that are faſtned to them Iron Rings, Sir they have an Officer who is always kept Sober for the purpoſe, he guids each perſon to his Ropes end, the other end being faſtned to the Door of each mans Houſe, theſe Ropes are as good to them, as the Clue of Thread in *Roſamonds* Bower, or *Ariadnes* that guided *Theſeus* from the Labyrinth of *Minotaur*: very likely quoth I, But what if an unhappy Wag ſhould come in the mean time, and tye the Ropes farther end to the wrong door? Why, do you think, quoth he ſmiling, that any are awake in this City in the

the Night? Yet I have known it done, and the men have gone to bed to other mens Wives, who perhaps being as Drunk as they, never discovers the matter till next day at noon; and then, that which they ignorantly committed, they make a double sport of, and is but the Preface to repeated Impressions. For it is a Principle here, that a Drunken man can never Offend, it being the Effects of *Bacchus*.

Well, They being gone, mine Host and I broke off discourse, and very privately sneak'd home to our Quarters.

Of the Knights *of the* Golden-Tun, *and the* Laws *of the* Drink-All-Mains.

IN the Town-Hall, properly called *Gulpers-Court*, hangeth the *Golden-Tun*, which is the Antient Emblem of the Knights of that Order.

He that can drink this Vessel

Thrice

Thrice off, and go his way without Indenting, for his Good Service is prefently Knighted by the Great *Duke*, and hath a Chain of Extraordinary Value beſtowed upon him.

Theſe Knights have a large Charter, and are allowed many goodly Priviledges; they bear abſolute Command in all Taverns and Ale-Houſes, as alſo at all publique Revels, and are allow'd to Furniſh ſo many Souldiers in *Pewter Jackets*, out of any mans Celler in the Town.

Theſe hardy men have great Conflicts at every publick Meeting, their Weapons are full charg'd Cups, and he that carrieth moſt of them away clear, is Conqueror, and leads the reſt about the Town (if they can go) in Triumph; and by this Tryal, they prove who is the Victor, if he can put his Finger into the Flame of the Candle, without playing hit I, miſs I, let him Spew whole Fiſh-ponds is held a Sober man,

man, and wears the Wreath of Conqueſt for that day.

Over the enterance of *Gulpers-Court* is Engraved this Couplet in the *Belly-All-mic* Tongue.

The Houſe of youthful Mirth, and Luſty Cheer,
Peace, Wine, Sport, Reſt, have all their Manſions here.

Upon the two heads of the *Golden Tun*, in a fair Character is written ſome of the Principal Laws of the *Drink-All-Mains*, which I carefully Coppied.

I. *That all Promiſes, Bills, Bonds, Indentures, Bargains, or any other Conveyances whatſoever, made, or cauſed to be made in the Afternoon, ſhall be utterly void and of no Effect.*

II. *That if any one caſt away any Liquor, or Bottom, which is called a Snuff, he ſhall be forthwith enjoyned to lye flat upon the ground, and ſnuff up the ſame into his Noſtrils.*

III. *That every one pledg his Challenger in the ſame Cup, and after the ſame faſhion, upon pain of drinking*

the

the quantity double out of a piſpot.

IV. *That the pots be either always full or empty, for the Waiter that preſents a pot half filled, and the Perſon that takes it, ſhall be both guilty of the breach of good fellowſhip.*

V. *That he that being ſober ſhall ſtrike him that is drunk; ſhall be thenceforth diſabled for giving Teſtimony in any cauſe whatſoever, but the drunken man ſtriking the ſober ſhall be acquitted.*

VI. *That he that goeth from any publick Meeting without ſtaggering, ſhall be accounted a Malefactor, in a high degree; and if it be made appear that he counterfeiteth Reeling, thereby to avoid the diſgrace, he ſhall be proceeded againſt as a Traytor to the Laws of* All-Paunch.

VII. *That all that ſtay three daies in this City of* Carouſi-kanikin, *do offer Sacrifice to* Bacchus.

VIII. *That he that mixeth Water with his Wine, ſhall be forthwith obliged to Drink a brimmer of* Hogg-wash.

IX. *That*

IX. *That he that striketh with a Pot, be injoyned to have his hands Tyed behind him, and take up every Cup that comes to his turn in his Teeth, during the continuance of the Banquet.*

Subscribed Stil-Yard.

Of the Arts, and Millitary Disciplines of the Drink-All-Mains.

THe People of this Province are almost all blear-ey'd, and troubled with the Palsie.

They have some Poets among them whom they never Crown with *Lawrel* (because that Tree is a foe to the *Vine*) but with *Ivie*: these are the very *Offscum* of the *Rascally Rabble*, the veryest *Lack-Latins*, and most *Unalphabetical Raggabashes*, that ever bred Louse, living only by other mens Trenchers.

These fill all the *Taverns* in Town with *Epigrams*, *Elegies*, and

Epi-

Epitaphs, which would make ones Ears Bliſter to hear them: They have had but one good Poet this Twenty Years, and his Tallent lyes in Drollery; but for the moſt part Proſe, who is an excellent Obſervator of the Times, and Seaſons, and can with much Facility Convert all Occurrences to *Comedy*, and repreſent all *Comedy* in the moroſe habit of *Tragedy*. Theſe Poets have the ſame ſway over the Ballad Makers, as the Knights of the Punn have over the barrells.

The *Drink-All-Mains* go often to War in Aſſiſtance of the *Eat-All-Mains*; but they never go armed, no not ſo much as with a Shirt on their backs, their Lances are ſaplings of Elmes, ſharpned and hardned at the Spires in the Fire; one would ſwear in beholding them at a diſtance, they were a moving *Hop-garden*; but notwithſtanding (for ſtand well they cannot) 'tis admirable to ſee both their Valour in Fight, and Fortune in Conqueſt. They

They have a Law that none must go sober to the Field; so that Wine maketh them as Bold as Lyons, *Audaces fortuna Juvat*, fortune helps the forward.

Of the Funerals of one the Chief Quagmiriſt's.

ONe of the *Quagmiriſt's* whoſe Houſe was of ſome height, being looſe in the hilts, and intending to go where neither Pope nor Emperour can ſend an Embaſſador, being throughly tap-ſhackled, miſtook the Window for the door, and ſteping raſhly on, down he came with the wrong end forward, and in plain Engliſh broke his Neck.

His Funerals was very richly ſet forth; I can tell, for I was there; every man was painted over with black for that day, and wore a Cypreſs wreath inſtead of his Vines. The Body was not laid in a Coffin, but put into a Cask half full of Wine, and ſo Boarn to the Grave,

and

and rouled in rather to a Cistern of Sack, than a Grave of Earth; and was rather drown'd, than buried; each one having instead of Rosemary, a Kan of Wine his hand, which they threw into the Grave, Kan an all; and taking their leaves in these Words, thrice repeated, *Adieu sweet Corpulent Country-man*; and instead of putting finger in Eye, each thrusts his finger into his Mouth, and disgorges, instead of tears some Quarts: Then hand in hand to the Tavern they go to drink his Remembrance.

This *Quagmirist* it seems was well esteemed amongst them, for he had a Statue erected in *Bacchus* Court, and under it these two Verses in the *Belly-All-Mic* Tongue.

Though he mistook his Window for his Door;
His Valiant Death shall make his Honour more.

Now I had staid two dayes in this City, without being demanded what I was; but then mine Host came and told me, if I staid one day

day longer, I must prepare my self to Sacrifice to *Bacchus*: For quoth he, 'I must not conceal you any 'longer, unless you would have me 'forsworn. *No quoth I*, pray tell 'me then the Custom, and Ile 'ather perform it, and stay longer, 'or get me gon presently, and rid 'us both from danger.

'Well Sir, quoth he, saw you not 'the Statue of *Bacchus* yesterday in '*Gulpers-Court*? And the great Gob-'let he holdeth, wherein they pour-'ed the Wine that issued from his 'Yard? Yes that I did, said I. Well 'then, quoth he, you must set your 'Mouth to this Tap, and suck till 'you be able to stand no longer, 'but fall flat to the ground, and 'so must you lie under the Spout 'till all be run out upon you: How 'like you this? Faith not altogether 'so delightful quoth I; But pray tell 'me, was there ever any Strangers 'that offered this Sacrifice? All, All, 'quoth he, not a man escapes it:

'Too't

'Too't he muſt in ſpite of his noſe:
'ſome will come willingly, but o
'thers are fain to be hailed to the
'Teat, like a Bear to the Stake.
'Well Sir quoth I, but Ile be jog-
'ging, only I intreat you to inform
'me what Country in this Trad
'is next in Dignity to this of yours
'and worthieſt of a Travellers ob
'ſervation; and he told me *Brandy-*
'*Burgh*, by ſome called, *Liquor-A*
'*dence*, it is under the Governmen
'of Sir *Limbeck-Stilletory*, a Knigh
'of the Noble Family of King *Cups*.
'ſo leading me forth, ſhewed m
the way as plain as *Dunſtable-Road*
and then courteouſly gave me th
Baſio Les Manos; and I thanked him
heartily for his *Valiendo*, and par-
ted.

Of Brandy-burgh, *or* Liquor-Ardens, *and of the* Pilgrimage *of St.* Brochio.

ALl alone I took my way toward the *North*, leaving the River *Froth* behind me, untill I came to *Spews-bury*, the filthiest Town that ever I saw since my Mother bound my head; I staid not long there (I had not need) but passed on, till I came to *Coopers-Norton*, a pretty well seated Village, but not a drop of Water was to be got in it, for Love nor Mony. The Reason is (as I heard afterwards) lest they should mix it with the Wine, and so prove bad Common-VVealths men.

I was as much troubled with *Pots* and *Flaggons* in my Journey, as a Traveller in *Spain* or *Italy* is with *Crosses*; I could not go two Miles to an end, but I should find a bouncing Tankard kennell'd under

under an Arch; and Drink I must no gain-saying the Laws.

At last I overtook a Traveller in a Tatter'd *Cassock* of *Haircloath*, Bare-Foot and bare-Headed, and demanding whither he Travell'd; Sir quoth he, on Pilgrimage to St. *Brochio* of *Bottles-brook*: I questioned him at large of the Town Scituation and Discipline, and also of the Virtues of this St. *Brochio*. (Quoth he) *Bottles-brook* is seated in the Confines of *Brandy-burgh*, in the Town is a Temple of *Bacchus-Fiery-Face*. They call it *Chappel Ardent*. The top of this *Temple* is all set with *Carbuncles* and sparkling *Diamonds*, and *Rubies* very Rich to behold: And from the Embowed Arch there drops (they say) a kind of hot Fuming Liquor, which is received into a Vessel placed for that purpose, whose Virtue is such, that if one drink a large Draught of it with good Devotion, he shall never after either

ther be Drunk before Noon, or Thirst before Midnight; both which helps may do me much good, for I am a man so imployed in my Country, that I can never lye in my Bed till Midnight for Thirst, nor never Rise in the Morning; but before Noon, I am Drunk and fast asleep again: therefore have I gone these three days without Drinking, because I would merit the more of this Holy Saint, when I come there: nor dares any importune me to Drink, or any in my company as long as I wear this Weed.

I was glad of so good a Priviledge, and intreated his Company and Patronage. Well, we went Chatting on, untill I observing the Soyl altered, asked where we were now?

This Country (quoth he) ever since we came over the *Lake-Methegin*, is called the County of *Usquebah*, being the first Shire of *Brandy-burgh*; it is not so well Husbanded

banded, yet is more fertil than our County of *Wine-ceſter*, both in Fatneſs of Soil, and pureneſs of Ayr; the People of this Nation are generally Slovenly, and of a Fierce and Terrible Aſpect, yet they uſed us very kindly; we lodg'd in a little City, (I have forgot the Name of it) very quietly, for we found almoſt all the Town dead Drunk at our coming; and left them ſo at our parting.

And next day Travelling through many Craggy, Fenny, Woody paſſages, we arrived at a Famous Port-Town called, *Aqua Fort*: (Now quoth I) being as weary as a Dog, is not this *Bottles-brook*? No (quoth he) but chear up, for we go not a Foot more by Land, all the reſt of our Journey is by VVater.

VVell, to Ship we went, and by this time imagine us Lanched into the Main Ocean; but what an eminent Danger, think you we eſcaped there? Our Marriners were

all as drunk as Wheelbarrows, not a man could guide himself, one was asleep at the *Helm*, another going about to Row, fell overboard; whom two more seeking to hall up again, had not we two held them, had both fallen after; a third quarrels and layes a fourth over the Pate for not helping his fellow, he strikes again, and too't they go, fight *Dog*, fight *Bear*: All the rest divided themselves into two partyes; now flew the ponderous Oars about their Ears, and hand Spikes and Pump-staves. The water was quiet, and every one used his Oar in the Air; but indeed they were easily knocked down, whose *hamstrings Bacchus* had already cut in two, only two stood Conquerors, who being too weary of the Massacree fell upon us; but we scorning to be put down by a couple of walking Tankards, got up a Brace of Cudgels, disarm'd them, bound them fast to the Mast, and play'd the Sailors our Selves;

but our Veſſel ſympathizing with her Antient Maſters, did ſo reel from ſide to ſide, that had not a brisk gale ſprung us forward, we had laid our Bones in the Bottom of thoſe Seas.

As we paſſed on, I deſcried afar off a high ſmoaking Land, and enquiring of my Fellow Traveller how it was called: *That Smoak* quoth he *comes out of Mount* Dennis, *wherein the Souls of ſuch as lived too ſober, are purified by Fire, until ſome of their Living-Friends go on Pilgrimage to* Chappel-Ardent *for a Bottle of St.* Brochio's *Liquor, and powring it upon their Tombs they are freed.* I ſmiled at this, and thought now ſure I have found the Original of *Purgatory.*

Well, by that time our Sailers were ſober, our Ship became drunk; for we ſuſtained a moſt Terrible Tempeſt, which laſted all night in moſt violent manner; but growing ſomewhat calmer with the dayes approach,

approach, we with comfort had the proſpect of our deſired Port, which in little time (though with great difficulty) we attained; I was cold and faint, and the motion of the Ship had ſo jumbled my brains together, that my head ſeem'd to turn round upon my ſhoulders, as if it had been ſet on with a Swivel: I wiſhed heartily for a Dram of Dr. *Stephens*, and entering the firſt door I found open, got ſuch refreſhment as the Country afforded, and whileſt I was thus recruiting my Spirits, my fellow Traveller ſeeing a ſheet of Writing Paper lye on the Counter, exerciſed his skill in Poetry, expreſſing the Terror of the late Storm; at which I was very well pleaſed and therefore took a Copy, which take you as freely.

All Round the Horizon Black Clouds appear,
A Storm is near.
Darkneſs Eclipſeth the ſcerener Sky,
The Winds grow high.

Making the surface of the Ocean show,
Like Mountains *lofty, and like* Vallies *low.*

The weighty Seas *are rouled from the Deeps,*
In Mighty heaps.
And from the Rocks *Foundations do arise,*
To kiss the Skies.
Wave *after* Wave *in* Hills *each other crouds,*
As though the Deeps *resolv'd to storm the* Clouds.

How did the surging Billows *Beat and Roar?*
Against the Shore.
Threatning to bring the Land *under their Power,*
And it devour.
The curled Waves *against the* Land *were hurl'd,*
As to a Chaos *they would shake the* World.

The Earth *did interpose the Prince of* Light,
'Twas sable Night.
All Darkness *was but when the* Lightnings *fly,*
And Light the Skye. (Wind,
Night, Thunder, Lightning, Rain *and Blustring*
To make a Storm, *had all their Forces joyn'd.*

A Description of Bottles-Brook.

WE found this a pretty ſweet Town in truth; it is paved with Bottles, and roofed with Leathern Budgets; I do not remember I ſaw any Artificer in all the Town, but Leathern Jack-makers, and Taylors for Bottle-Cafes. So that now I ſaw where the *Eat-All-Mains* had utterance for their Hides.

The Men of this Town and Country, uſe no pure Wine, but certain Diſtilled Waters, mixed with the ſtrongeſt Grape that they can get, which are ſo forcibly hot, that the brittle Glaſs cannot hold them; and therefore they are driven to fortify their Bottles with Leathern Dublets, Rivetted together with Pitch and Rozin.

The Citizens are fiery of Face, and cholerick of Conditions, and of a ſtaggering manner of Pace in their Going; but that which is moſt terrible of all, they drink and

they belch nothing but Flames: one of them is able to drink as much Fire, as one of us can Water. A Man would veryly imagine when he ſaw them, that they were ſo many *Fire-Drakes*, Or, *St. George's Dragons*: I was in danger before of drowning in Water, but now I feared nothing but ſtifling with Fire.

There I left my Companion to his Oriſons; I loved him well, but my ſelf better, and the next morning got me out of this Vulcans Shop, this Ciclops Forge; and being upon my way, began to conſult whith my ſelf, if it were not convenient to Travel towards *Brewmaulta*, to obſerve the manners, and faſhions of the *Hopſackoctuns*. But conſidering as my Pilgrim had told me, it was the baſeſt part of the Land, and (but that it is more Beaſt-like) differs in nothing from the other parts of *Drink-All-Main*. And while I was thus plodding on, with many

Cogi-

Cogitations in my mind what to do, to my great ſurprize ruſhes forth an Ambuſh of armed *Shee-Landeſſes*, beſieg'd me, took me, bound me, and carried me Priſoner (the more unfortunate man I) a long and toylſome Journey, even to the chief City of the Land called *Goſſip-Pingoa*.

THE Second Part.

The Description of Woman-Decoia: *Or,* Shee-Landt, *of the Scituation and Parts thereof.*

THE New Discovered *Woman-Decoia*: Or, *Shee-Landt*, lieth in that part of the *Southern* Continent, which our *Geographers* of *Europ* called *Psytaccorum-Regio*, the Land of *Parrots*; the *North* side is bounded upon *Lecheritania*, the *South* upon *Thrivingois*, the *East* upon two of the *Foolianas*, the

Fickle, and the Fat: The Soyl thereof is very Fruitful, but badly Husbanded. It is divided into many Provinces, both large and rich, yet all of ſeveral Conditions, Habits and Languages. The Principal of them are theſe, *Tatlington*, *Soldonia*, *Blubberick*, *Giglot-Tangier* high and low, *Cockatrixia*, *Sluts-Burrow*, *Shrows-Burgh*, and *Blackſwans-Mark*, otherwiſe called *Modeſtiana*; many of theſe Provinces did I paſs through, though againſt my will; but to ſpeak Truth, *Tatlington* is the beſt Country of them all, and hath many fair Cities in it, as *Pratlingnople*, *Tales-borne* and *Lips-wagg*; through the laſt of which runneth a great River called *Slaver*, which ſometimes will overflow the Banks, and drown all the lower part of the Country, as far as *Chin-dale*; but the Inhabitants have lately deviſed ſtrong rampiers of Bones, and bent Leather, to keep it from breaking out.

Of

Of all the Cities of *Tatlington*, or of all *Woman-Decoia*, *Gossip-ingoa* is the Principal, thither was I brought Prisoner: Therefore take first an Account of their dealing with me, and then Ile proceed to Describe the conditions of these New Nations.

How Quevedo *was used by the* Gossip-Ingoesses.

BEing brought to this City, and so to the Court, a Bell was caused to be tolled, and presently all the Inhabitants came flocking together, whose diligent eyes began to survey me narrowly, who stood bound fast enough for attempting Resistance, or offering to make any escape.

At length in the midst of the Multitude, I could hear one baul out for silence, this by her Garb and port, I supposed to be their *Captaines*, who by many signes and much a do, had somewhat abated the clamor; so that with an elevated voice, I could hear her adress.

adreſs her Speech to the reſt after this manner. *Uncontroulable and Undaunted* Goſſip-Ingoeſſes, *Be it known unto you, that we took this Fellow, in the Confines of that damn'd Country of* Letcheritania, *who are a People you well know that have offered us the greateſt of injuries: I therefore hold it fit in taking Revenge of them to begin with this Priſoner, and if my advice may Gain your Approbation, let him be condemned to run the Gantlet To morrow ſtark naked, through our Regiment of* Auxilaries.

She having made an end of my ſevere Sentence, (with much ado for the noiſe to be heard) I got leave to ſpeak for my ſelf, declaring my Nation to be Old *England*; (had I ſaid *Spain*, I had been ruin'd to all intents and purpoſes.) The cauſe of my wandring to make ſome new Diſcoveries, of this unknown part of the Earth, that I was no *Letcheritanian*; nor had no acquaintance with any of them:

Telling

Telling her Ladyship that it would derogate much from her Nature and Clemency, and from the Honour of her Just Government, to condemn an innocent Pilgrim.

Well, these good words I can tell you wrought so pretty well, that the poor Young Wenches began most of them to weep; but the Old Countesses were not so soon Mollified; but to the Louse house I must go, till my Country, and cause of Travel was more clearly made manifest before the Grand-Shee-Councel, into whose presence I was brought with a Guard next Morning.

Where, if it had not been for my feign'd Countries Name, the only Paradice for Women, which pleaded on my side, I had received Sentance immediately.

Which the *Speaker* of the Grand Counsel called there the Pratris, signified to me in these Words, *Sir, It is the Pleasure of this Honourable Counsel, Both to remit your Punishment*

niſhment, and give you Liberty, becauſe they have heard that your Country is Famous for the Freedom of Females.

So I was there immediately quitted by Proclamation, but not without an Oath; for I was brought to *Janus* Altar, and laying my hand on the ſame, ſwore ſolemnly to obſerve all theſe Conditions following.

I. *That I ſhould never go about to Injure this Noble Sex, by Word nor Deed.*

II. *That I ſhould never Interrupt a Woman in her Talk.*

III. *That I ſhould commit the whole Rule of the Houſe to my Wife.*

IV. *That I ſhould never betray any Womans Secrets.*

V. *That I ſhould never deny my Wife any Womans Ornaments.*

VI. *That I ſhould continually (no matter whether right or wrong) declare the praiſe of Women, for Beauty, Wit, and Eloquence, and defend it againſt all men.*

Now

Now therefore, you ſee my Tongue is tyed by Oath, not to tell all the Cunundrums that I ſaw amongſt theſe mad Wenches; ſomewhat I may ſay, but no harm; and He venture to ſtretch as far as I can without Violating my Oath.

Their Forms of Government, and Elections of Perſons of State.

THeir State is popular, each one ſeeking Superiority; and avoiding Obedience, they have no abſolute Laws, but do every thing by the number of their Voices: But the manner of giving up their Votes amazed me, being unacquainted therewith; for they ſet up a cry altogether, none gives ear, but every one yells as if ſhe were ſtark ſtaring mad.

They hold a continual Parliament about their more Weighty Affairs of State; now this continu-

ance

ance is neceſſary, becauſe of their Laws uncertainty; for the Decrees of this Day may be all diſanulled to morrow, but the ſame day they cannot, leſt their Law-givers ſhould ſeem unconſtant.

Every ones voice is a like in worth, the whole City through, but not every ones Dignity; for they have a certain number of choſen Women, which they call *Graveſſes*; and theſe have great Authority and Honour in each particular City; but they are not born to this Dignity, but Elected.

They had once a Cuſtom to Elect thoſe *Graveſſes* by Vote from amongſt themſelves, but every one giving her Vote for her ſelf only, it bred a ſtrange confuſion; which made them Aboliſh that kind of Election, and make a Decree, that only ſuch ſhould have a Right to Vote, as would profeſs themſelves neither Young, Fair, nor Eloquent; and this brought all things to as bad a paſs

as

as the other extream; for now there was not one that would Vote for any body at all; so that the State was like to want Governesses.

At length they all agreed (and that was very strange) to pass over those places of *Electresses*, unto Twelve of the most aged Matrons of *Old Mumping-ton*, a ruinous Village hard by, giving them the glorious Titles of *Electres Gravessial*, to set them the more agog to perform their charges.

Insted of Scepters and Swords, the *Graveesses* have Fans and Glasses born before them, great square Christal Glasses. And allwayes as they pass along through the Streets, they prink up their Atires, and Ornaments, and set their Bulls, and curl'd Towrs, in even and decent Order.

The Original of the Shee-Landeſſes.

THere are few of theſe *Shee-Landeſſes* born in this Nation, and thoſe are ſuch as are tranſported hither in their Mothers bellies; but the Principal Inhabitants, are either ſuch as will needs wear their Husbands Breeches, or ſuch as the Husbands Jealouſie Baniſhes; theſe run Flocking from all parts hither.

Now all ſuch as are their Husbands Maſters, and are thereupon baniſhed for their unjuſt claim to Soveraignty, theſe are aſſigned to inhabit the frontiers of *Shee-Landt*, eſpecially in the Countries of *Shrows-burgh*, and there they are all put in Garriſons.

But as for thoſe that are Voluntier Exiles, being generally of Meek Spirits, they are ſeated in the heart of the Land, to become Votareſſes to Peace and Beauty.

Yet

Yet there is no fear that this weal Publick ſhould go to ruine for want of Members; and Ile tell you why, becauſe there are ſo many Voluntiers comes to this Camp, that the fear is rather want of room for new Inhabitants then otherwiſe.

I am in great fear, leſt my Country Women ſhould have any underſtanding of this State; for if once they ſcent it, or get the leaſt ſnatch of this Land of uncontrouled Liberty, we may e'ne go hang our ſelves; for the Devil a Female will ſtay amongſt us, nay (which will be dreadful) we ſhall not have one big-Belly left, to lay the Foundation of a future Age by. Therefore let me intreat you Sir, as you love the preſervation of our Lineage, and the General Multiplication of Mankind, be ſilent in this ſo important a matter, and keep this Secret, as it highly concerns us undiſcovered from our giddy Females,

males; unless we can find a better means of Generation.

Of Giglot-Tangier.

AT *Gossip-Ingoa*, I Obtained, besides my Freedom, the Cities Letters for my passport; and from thence took my way towards *Giglot-Tangier*, a Country lying upon the *South* part of *Woman-Decoia* toward *Letcheritania*: the Land of it self in these parts, is the Worlds Paradice. It is not many Leagues from *Loves-Den*, which is the first Town in this Road; here I entred into an Aire as delicately scented, as if all the Perfumers in *England* had lately played their prizes here for Soveraignty.

The whole Country round about is crowded with *Apothecaries* and *Romandrificoes*.

The Women of this *Wapentake*, are generally Tall, and Excellent y adorned with Millinery and Rich Laces,

Laces; only they practice the Art of Cheek-oyling too much, thereby to help the defects of Nature, by the Effects of Art; they wear nothing on their Faces, nor on their Breasts; for their Habit it is fair in show, light in weight, and so easie to mount with the smallest puff of Ayr; some of them have their Naked parts crusted over with gross painting, but this is most commonly used by the *Commoners* of *Merritrixton*, who are now no entire Nation, but scattered (as are the *Jews* in *Europe*) through all the Provinces of *Shee-Landt*.

The Women of *Shameless* (for so they call the Shire-Town of *Giglot-Tangier*) have their Houses (Except four Pillars that supports the Roof) built all with *Muscovy* Glass as transparent as Air.

It is lost labour to seek any of them at home, unless you make your Inquest immediately upon their dressing-time, or somewhat before,

before, but lay your Plot to seek them at a Playhouse, or in a Tavern; and it stands upon a good Foundation, for there you may be sure to find them in droves either Laughing, Singing or Danceing, or very diligently imployed in some such Exercise all the Afternoon.

There is one Street in this Town where are more Danceing Schools, then there are Colledges, both in *Oxford* and *Cambridg*, and produces more Practitioners and Proficients; and since the Inhabitants are so merrily conceited, Take the account in four or five Brace of Gingles.

High-Clif-Rad-Way, *for so the Street is Named,*
For frisking Female Academies Famed.
The Language of the Feet is there Instructed,
And though some Brisk *Ones daily are deducted.*
From those well-Peopl'd Schools, whose constant Trade
To teach true Vaulting to the Youthful Ladies. (is,
There still remains such Crowds of Beauteous *Ones,*
Would stock a Court as Large as Solomons.
But leaving to their Studies my Brisk *Lasses,*
To Shrows-Burgh *I, from* Giglot-Tangier *passes.*

But

But leaving the Road on my Right hand, **Noot a boon Sax Mayis an a waa Bit**, (according to the pronounciation of the Natives) wide of this Town of *Shameless*, lieth *Sluts Burrow*: Or, as the Neighbour Countries call it *Scotts-Brough*: To this Town (though it was out of my way) I Travelled, because I would pass by no curiosities; and here I was fitted.

The Air I think might be wholesome, but for the stinking Inhabitants.

Their Beasts hereabouts (as there are a great many) are generally small, women only excepted.

They have great store of Fowl also, as foul Houses, foul Wollen, foul Linnen, foul Pots, foul Dishes, and foul Trenchers.

I saw but little Grass but what was in their Pottage: The word *Hay* is heathen Greek to them, neither Man nor Beast knowes what it means.

I made but small stay here, for I thought it not safe, unless a man could have (for every Morsel which he eats) an Antidote, therefore by the same way I came, I returned toward *Shrows-Burg*, and glad was I, that I was got into the fresh Air again.

Of Shrews-Burg.

IN my return from the Confines *Giglot-Tangier*, being now upon the most Western Angle of the same, I happened (just as my Staff fell) into the Country of *Shrews-Burg*, the only Garrison of this Feminine Government, and the only defence it hath against Foreign Invasions.

Here I was finely gull'd, for seeing Persons in the Habits of men, this is good thought I, I am now gotten out of *Woman-Decoia*; but when all came to all, I found my self palpably couzen'd with a borrowed shape; for in this Country Women wear Breeches

Breeches and long Perriwigs, and Men go with their Chins naked in Jesticoes and Petticoats, Spinning and Carding Wool, whilest their Wives discharge the main Affairs of State: the *Barbarians* in *Aristotles* time never used their Women half so Imperiously as the men are used here; the poor Snakes dare not so much as wipe their Mouths unless their Wives bid them, nor so much as visit the places of ease, or speak a word with their best Friend, but they must first come to their Wives with a Petition of *Quæso Magristra, Good Mistris give me leave to go*, &c. I Observed this Custom strictly required, and the neglect more narrowly peeped into one certain day when I was there, than at other times.

The reason was, because some of the better-spirited Husbands disdaining to be chained in this unmanly Subjection by their Tyrannizing Wives, had laid a Plot a-

mong themselves, to rise unanimously on an appointed Night in open Armes, and on a sudden, against this Female Government, thereby resolving to shake off this Infamous and Disgraceful Servitude. This Plot had took very good Effect, had not Misfortune crossed their good Intentions, and Valiant Resolutions.

Which was by the Means of one Cowardly, low-Spirited, narrow-Soul'd, Henhearted Fellow of their confideracy, who being threatned by his Wife to be soundly cudgeled, for some other private Fault; to procure himself a pardon, went and Revealed the whole Plat-form of the Conspiracy, just the Evening before the Night appointed for the performance.

The Women sit at meat, and the Men attend; the Women sleep, and the Men watch; the Women scold and fight, while the Men are fain to ward with their ears, head and shoulders. What

What an uncomly ſight was it to ſee a Diſtaff and Spindle in a Mans hand, and a Sword and Buckler in a Womans? yet I concealed my diſlike as well as I could, deſiring only to ſee without ſuffering.

If any Woman uſe her Husband ſomewhat gentlier than Ordinary, (as ſome of them are tender-hearted) ſhe is preſently informed againſt, and cited to appear before the High Court of Parliament of *Shrews-Burg*, and there Indicted of High Treaſon againſt the *State*; her next Neighbours give Evidence againſt her with ſuch a noiſe and fury, that it is ſtrange to ſee their Impatience.

If ſhe be but convicted by the ſmalleſt circumſtance that is, ſhe is immediately condemn'd to this Puniſhment; firſt, ſhe muſt change attires with her Husband, and then ſhave off all her hair; and ſo being led by a ſtrong Guard of armed

Shrews-Burgisses, through the Market-place to the *High-Cross*, where she must stand one whole day upon the *Pillory*, as an Object to all the fleering Scoffs, and Derisions of those Crouds of Spectatresses; nor shall the man escape scot-free, for being so audatious to accept of the favours offered by his Wife, without a modest refusal. And when the Woman comes home, she must not put off those Garments, or reassume her others, until she brings a Cudgel into the Court all died with the fresh blood of her Husbands broken pate.

He that out-liveth his Wife, must either marry his Maid, and be sworn to her service, as he was to his former Wives, or else he must become Slave to the next Neighbours Wife, wherein he hath this favour allowed, to chose whether to his right-hand Neighbours, or to his left-hand Neighbours; and this Law they call *An Act of Grace*.

For

For no man in this City may be the Ruler of his own Houſe.

In this Country, when the Wife goeth forth either to Wars, Conſultations, or for pleaſure, ſhe leaveth her Keys, and therewith her whole Authority and Government to her Maid, or her Daughter; either of which, if the Husband but once mutter againſt, or grumble to obey, nay, ſhould he but pout, or go unwillingly about the performance of his duty, his ſhoulders are ſure to ſuffer ſeverely for it at his Wives return, unleſs he can either begg or bribe the Silence of the Deputy-Governeſſes.

They never Lye with their Husbands, but when an Appetite (for you know what makes them ſharp ſet) for that they hold would procure too much Familiarity: Notwithſtanding, If the Husband ariſe not out of his Cabbin in the entry, or under the Stairs, before the Wife be warm in her Bed, and

coming up ſtairs barefoot, knock three times very gently at her Chamber door, and offer her his Service in a Low voice, and wait her Anſwer, he is ſure to be Diſſiplin'd with a *Baſtinado* next Morning.

The Women of this Country obſerve a Faſhion directly contrary to Ours, for they clip their hair, and let their Nailes grow long.

There are alſo certain amongſt them that are Profeſſors of the Noble Science of Offence, and keep Free-Schools, wherein the reſt are taught all the Wards Offencive and Defencive, both of Heels, Nails and Teeth; as alſo the moſt Exact and modiſh Methods of Clawing off the Skin of Mens Faces, Picking out of Eyes, Biting of Arms, wringing of Ears, and tearing of Hair. Theſe Lectures they are inſtructed in both by Precept and Practice.

I met many of my own Country men (was it not very ſtrange in a Country ſo remote) whom I knew by ſight as well as a Beggar knows his diſh: Theſe Acquaintance (like true Friends) gave me Cautions from their own Experiences, of what Inconveniencies might attend me in ſtaying here Long, or being over-curious to inſpect their Cuſtoms and Manners; alſo giving me ſuch directions, which with heed I Obſerved: And following their Advices, found the way (at length, though with much difficulty,) through the dirty Fens of *Blubberick*, over the *Muſbrum-Palian* Mountains, and ſo arrived upon the Confines of *Fooliana*.

But you may ask why I travelled not into that part where the *Modeſtianians*; otherwiſe called the Women of *Black-Swan-Mark* had their Habitations.

Why truly, I hold my ſelf Infortunate in that one thing alone,

That I could not come to see their State as well as the rest; seeing that my mind presaged unto me, that it excelleth all the forenamed.

There is such a People, my friend, I tell thee plainly, but the Region wherein they Inhabit, I could never come to discover; only their name, I had from the Antient Chronicles of the others States, and that as I said, is *Black-Swan-Mark*.

Indeed there are some of them that live as *Hermitisses*, in the *Craggy-Desarts* of some other parts of *Shee-Landt*; but their Habitations are generally unknown, and almost Inaccessible; he that will take the pains to search those vast desarts, may by Miracle meet with some of those holy *Votaresses*.

I happened, I think, unless it was a Dream, to see one or two of them, whose variety of Virtues, Beauties and Behaviours, have left me in an extasy until this very hour, which made me so eager in the pursuit of

so

ſo pleaſing a Diſcovery, that I almoſt ranſack every corner of that prodigious Continent: But notwithſtanding all my dilligence, could ſet eye of no more. Therefore whoſoever has a mind to Embark in ſo deſperate a Voyage; Let him begin to Travel in his Youth, leſt gray hairs overtake him ere he attains his intended Diſcovery: As for my part Ile give it over.

THE Third Part.

Of the Scituation of Fooliana *and Populousness thereof.*

FOoliana is the most vast and Ill-husbanded Region that ever mine eyes beheld; and yet of all, the most populous; go but upon the Exchange of any Town of Traffick in this whole Nation, and you would swear that the whole World came to trade thither.

Historyographers in their Account of the number of People that are imagined to be in all *Europe*, say, that *Italy* is supposed to contain 9000000 more or less; *Spain* a number somewhat less; *England* 6000000. The *Low Countries* near as many; *Germany* 15000000. *France* as many; *Sicilia* 150000. They account also that the Inhabitants of *China* amount to 70000000. That Country parallel'd with the whole Country of *Fooliana*, is rather an uninhabitable desart, than a Peopled Nation.

It Lieth just under the *Antartick* pole, as the Land of *Pigmies* is under the *Artick*; and hence I gather, that the Extremity of cold in both these opposed Regions, is the cause both of the *Pigmies* smalness, and the *Foolianders* blockishness. Nature graceing her self in Counterpoising the defect of the body in one place, with as great defect of wit in another.

Fooli-

Fooliana on the *South*, butteth upon *Belly-All-Main*; On the *East*, upon *Woman-Decoia*; and the fartheſt Corner of *Theving-genia*: And on the *Weſt*, upon the *Muſhrom-Palian* Mountains.

The Parts of Fooliana *and the Peoples Conditions in General.*

Fooliana the Great, is divided into four leſſer, as namely *Fooliana* the *Fickle* juſt under the Pole, *Fooliana* the *Fat* towards the South, *Fooliana* the fond Eaſternly, and *Fooliana* the Devout towards the Weſt.

The Inhabitants of all theſe are generally tall, their hair of a pale Flaxen; their heads like Sugar-loaves, their Lips big like *Moors*, and their Ears thick and broad, but their Conditions keep not all one form; ſome things they have general amongſt them, and they are theſe.

What

What ever Stranger arrives amongst them, they presently entertain him with all the pleasures that Town, House and Table can afford. If ye come to any of them all with a Conge *Spaniard*-like; and either commend his good face, his new Coat, his fine Hand, or his fair House; seasoning his Affections with admiring applause: Your obsequiousness will purchase you any thing, his courtese will Imagine nothing to dear for you; for good words, and fair promises, is all the Money that this Nation useth.

Yet they have Gold in abundance, which they barter away for painted Feathers, Glass Beads, small Bells, and the Shels of Snails.

The Inhabitants are of a hard Constitution, going bare-breasted, and thin attired in the depth of Winter, to have the more benefit of the Ayr; and wrap themselves up in Rugg Gowns in the midst of Summer, to keep off the heat of the Sun.

They

They have ſome *Phyleſotterical* profeſſors among them, that will go almoſt naked in the midſt of Winter in contempt of the cold; and their reaſon is this: That ſeeing all Creatures, except Man, can be content with hair and hide only, Why ſhould not man, that is Maſter of them all, break through all the Battalions of Cold, being only armed in his Shirt of nature, his Skin? And I promiſe you it is a very *Senſible Argument.*

You ſhall never take any of them ſolitary, for they continually talk and contend in Argument with themſelves; ſometimes one word provoking him to tears, and another immediatly to laughter, the perſon being all this while ſingle by himſelf.

They have alſo certain Religious virtuoſies, among them, who begg for ſcraps, wandring through the verges of *Fooliana*; and where they find a Stone with any Picture upon it,

it, down they go upon all four with ſtrange mimmical conges and cringes. Tapers and noon-day meet ordinarily at every Dinner-time among them, they whip themſelves cruelly. Firſt, becauſe no man but themſelves will undergo ſuch ſevere Laſhes. Secondly, Becauſe *Calves Blood* is a pleaſing Sacrifice in the Noſtrils of their god; their Crowns are ſhaved, leſt the hair growing between the Heaven and the brain, ſhould be a Hindrance to the mind in her Celeſtial Meditation.

The Women of this Nation are the Principal Governeſſes, which I was told grew firſt upon this occaſion. The *Shrews-Burgiſſes* had overcome the whole Region of *Fooliana*; yet notwithſtanding, by Reaſon of the Barrenneſs of the Soyl would not poſſeſs it, but left the Natives in poſſeſſion, upon condition they did homage for it unto them; paying them an *Aſs* loaden with Gold yearly for Tribute, which

was

was paid a long time, until at length the *Fooliander*s brake the peace upon theſe Terms; though as for the Gold they did not value it; but were contented to pay it, had it been twice as much, provided the *Shrews-Burgiſſes* would come and fetch it themſelves, when it was due.

But for them to force a loving Creature, and one of their Native Town-born Country-Brood, with ſevere ſtrokes and laſhes, to bear this burthen out of their land againſt his own proper will and pleaſure; This they look upon to be very hard, and in their Judgment intolerable; whereupon they revolted, refuſing to perform thoſe Articles and Ratifications on which their peace ſtood.

This Revolt incenſed the *Shrews-Burgiſſes*, whereupon they repair to Armes, and entring *Fooliana*, marching without reſiſtance through the Country, even to the Metropolitan

City

City of *Blocks-ford*, otherwise called *Dunce-Town*; and entring the same, Allarms were suddenly spread through the City, out comes all the *Blocks-fordians* crowding themselves in heaps without Armes, or Order. The Foe was Drawn up with Judgment, and Marshalled in good order, who valiantly giving the on-set, down falls a Citizen or two, which the rest beholding, fell prostrate upon their knees with Submission, the Conquerors weapons were held, so that there was a sudden Cessation of Arms.

By and by one of the most Eminent and graveſt *Foolianders* made a Speech after this Manner.

Right Valiant and Unconquerable Shrews-Burgisses,

HOW could You be so cruel, for one poor Ass, to destroy so many propper Men, and pretty Schollars; *for as much as one living Ass might have been more serviceable to Your*

State

State, Than a Thousand, nay; than five and forty men being as dead as so many door-Nails: Now therefore, take every one an Ass, *and his Barthen of Gold, for we had rather live without them, then die for them:* Asses *are not so scarce in this Country of ours, Therefore we intreat You, put up Your Pineing things, and spare the Lives of many* Weaponless Men. *I know, and to your Honour be it spoken, that your Valour scornes to try the utmost against Men without weapons. Therefore we submitting, beseech You to spare us, and free us from our present fears.*

Well, the Conquerresses are moved by this pathetical Oration, and granted their pardons, upon condition that the Women of *Fooliana*, should henceforth in all Domestick Employments have preheminence of Men: To which the Vanquished gave their humble consents, and the Army drew off, marching back

(with

(with the Spoils in a most incredible quantity) to their own Garrison of *Shrews-Burgh*, the most formidable Garrison of all the Provinces of *Woman-Decoia*.

Of Fooliana *the Fickle.*

Fooliana the Fickle is the easternmost part of *Fooliana* the Great, and Bordering upon *Woman-Decoia* or *Shee-Landt*; but you must not expect an exact description thereof; yet how I found it, and how I left it, you shall know as well as I; but if you chance to go thither your self, as many fine Worshipful Gentlemen, and Men of large possessions have done within these few years, and find not the State, as I have described it, blame not any defect in me, for their Forms of Government are so daily altered; that 'tis easier to describe the shape of *Proteus*, or the Colour of a *Camelion*, than discover their form of Discipline.

I

I durſt venture a wager, that the Antient *French* were the firſt Diſcoverers of this Country; for there are ſome Monuments remaining, that that do ſignify as much; as their names of Towns, their moſt Antient Laws, and their chief Coyns.

Their Grounds never carry one certain form two years together; that which is paſture this year, ſhall be arrable the next: That which was all high Mountaines this year, ſhall be carried away to fill up Dales the next: Nay, they turn the very courſe of their Rivers.

They have many Magnificent Cities, but they change their Faſhion almoſt every other day.

The chief of theſe Cities, at my firſt coming, was called *Fair-Felia*; but ere I went away, it was Ordered in Counſel, That it ſhould thenceforth be called *Butter-Flieux*; the whole frame of this City runs upon Wheels, and may be drawn whether the Counſel pleaſes to Order; or

every

every particular mans Houſe where the Owner ſees good.

It is Recorded, that the whole City hath altered its Scituation a Hundred times ſince the Foundation, and thirty times hath quite loſt its former ſhape; when I came there, it was ſeated upon the River *Water-leſs*: But there was an Order from the Counſel Board, that the next Winter it muſt be drawn up to the top of Mount *Want-Wood*; and as I was told, the laſt place it was wheel'd from, was *Barren-Down*.

The Rivers are ſo Frozen with extream Cold, that if any be weary of its old place, it may paſs the Waters to a new one almoſt every month.

Theſe Cities often change their formes, for every Houſe is ſeparate from the next: So that as ſoon as they find the leaſt fault with the old Neighbourhood, away goes Houſe, Houſhold and all, ſeating themſelves in another Street where

they

they find a vacancy by the removing of others.

The Cities Arms had lately been, in a field *Argent*, three *Snails* bearing their *Shells* paſſant *Gules*: The Motto on a Scrowl *Mea Mecum*, I carry my own; But now it is (as long as it continues ſo) A Field *Vert*, charged with a *Butterfly* with Wings diſplayed *Argent*, Flowred *Or*, The Motto *Ubi Libit*, where I liſt.

Of the Peoples Conditions and Attire.

THe Inhabitants go all in painted Feathers, as ſome of the Eaſt and Weſt *Indians* do; for ſay they, ſeeing that theſe light things are ſufficient to keep the little Birds warm enough: Why ſhould we deſire more, being much better able to bear out the Cold than theſe tender Creatures?

Now

Now, when they would seem to have new Cloaths, they change the places of their Feathers; so that that which in the Morning they wore on their heads, cometh before night to wipe the dust from their Heels; and that which kept the knee warm but now, by and by sits up half a yard higher.

They Marry Wives, and love them confoundedly for a while, till they take some occasion of dislike in their Old Bed-fellow: Or, chance to spie another fairer; *Then farwel Wife*: *And welcome with all my Heart Huband*, saies she to another; for the Wife is commonly as willing to change, as the Husband; and often takes the first occasion, especially if she dislike the Husbands *Cockship*.

They use a Stranger as kindly as if he were their own Brother; and the next day will pass by him, and forget that ever they saw him.

They

They seldome or never proffer any thing, that they do not recall next breath; nor do they ever promise, but they afterwards forswear it; nor do they ever perform any thing, which they do not afterwards repent, and be sorry for; what they sell you to day, if you dislike it, they will give you double the price you paid for it to morrow.

They make their Laws new every Year once; for say they, *It is not fit, seeing Mans Life is Mutable, that the Rules of his Life should not be Mutable also; besides second Cogitations being most Generally perfect, it is a Slavery to be tyed to a first Decree.*

In this City, nigh the *Asschange*, standeth *Turncotes* Tomb; upon which I read this following Incription, in the *Foolianick* Tongue.

Stay, Sit, Walk, Read: Here Lyeth, Standing upright, Tom

kin Turncote, who was neither Forreigner nor Freeman; Slave nor Soldier, Physitian nor Fencer, Cobler nor Courtier, Lawyer nor Usurer; But All. Who lived neither in City nor Country, neither at Home nor Abroad, neither at Sea nor on Land; nor here nor elsewhere: But every where. Who Dyed neither of Hungar nor Thirst, nor Poyson nor Pox, nor Hatchet nor Halter, neither by Casualty nor Disease, but of all together. I. P. Q. Being neither his Debter nor Creditor, nor Heir nor Executor, nor Kinsman nor Friend, nor Neighbour nor Stranger, but all. In his Memory have erected this, neither Monument nor Comb, nor Sepulcher nor Grave; But all these. Wishing neither Evil nor Good, neither to Thee nor Mee, nor Him, But All unto All.

This City stands at present with-
few Miles of the City of *Gig-*
gum-

gum-Bobba: So famous for the Invention of Pendants, Knots, Fanns and falſe Curls for the Females: Here alſo was found out that moſt Incomparable Faſhion of *Sholder Taſſells*, by which any Ingenious Man with careful Obſervation, may come to know his Right hand from his left, and therein readily anſwer the Querieſt without ſtudy.

As I Travelled along the Valley *Capricious*, I chanced to enter a Town that had ſome ſhape of an Univerſity: The Name they told me was *Gallipo-tilliter*; here I met with ſome Shadows of *Philoſophers*, but no ſubſtance: It is loſt labour to look for any Lectors, Rectors, Books, or Schools of the Seven Sciences here; every particular man being his own Teacher, and his own Auditor: Yet here are two Colledges; one of the *Scepticks*, who deny that any truſt is to be given to the Sence; and they are herein ſo abſolute, that they will not be-

lieve any thing positive. Steal away one of their Purses, or his Gown, and he presently falls in doubt, whether ever he was possessor of such a thing or no. Strike one of them as hard as you can, he doubts whether you struck or not, or whether he felt any stroke or not. Speak to him, or touch him, though he hears, feels and sees, yet he dares not assure himself, that any one thing of this is true.

The other Colledg, consisteth wholly of *Gewgawists*, who give themselves wholly to the Invention of Novelties; in Sports, Games, Buildings, Garments and Governments. He that can devise a new Game, or a New fashion, according to his Invention, hath a place of Dignity Assigned him by the Duke.

He that first Invented to blow bladders of Sope and Water out of a Galli-pot with a Tobacco-pipe, is of as great Renown among them, as the

the Inventers of Printing, Gun-founding, and the most Ingenious of Water-works are amongst us of *Europe*. These *Gewgawists* are in great esteem at Court, and among the meaner sort too; for many of them will not so much as have a Button sewed to their Coats, without first consulting their Approbations.

These *Gewgawists* are not only Scholars, but Originals, for they have devised a new Language, wherein they keep the Mysteries of their knowledg only to themselves: It is called the *Supermonical* Tongue, *Parracelsus* was provast of the Colledg, whose Judgment went a great way in the Invention of this strange Language. But indeed, I am not sure whether this Tongue continues still amongst them, or has by this time given place to some Language of the Later Edition.

Of Fooliana the Fond.

THis Part of *Fooliana* is the largest, and most Antient of all the rest. The Inhabitants of it affirm themselves the Original of all other Nations, as *Blocksford* the Mother of all other Cities.

It Lieth in the midst of the rest, as the Navel of this goodly Body; on the East it hath *Fooliana* the *Fickle*; on the West the *Devout*; and on the North the *Fatt*. The Southern part of it is called *Cocks-Combaia*, of which the fartheſt Sourthern canton is just under the Pole, where there is an *Iron Rock*, just like the *Rock* of *Loadstone* that is under the North Pole, and this is the reason why the Compass (after you are past the *Equinoctial*) declines toward the South.

This part of the Province of *Cocks-Combaia*, is peopled with sloathful Inhabitants, but the Northern part

part is possessed by more Industrious and Active Spirits.

Had I not beheld the strange beviour of these Southern *Cocks-Combaims*, I could never have believed that Nature had bestowed so Divine a Gift as Reason, upon such bruitish Animals; for all of them go like Beasts upon all four, nor do they know any other way of Travelling.

There is no house in all this part of the Country, because, neither the Inhabitants can build any themselves, nor will suffer others to Build any; for they dare not adventure under a Roof, lest it should fall upon their heads.

They are every year many of them starved to death, with hunger and cold, for they can neither dress their meat, nor make themselves Apparrel, or Bedding; nor can they speak one word of Sence, There's not a man of them knows his own Father, nor his own Son, nor Wife; nor how to Return the

same way he came, nor can distinguish a Bear from a Sheep, or a Lyon from a Catt; nay, there are some of them, that cannot tell whether they should put their meat in at their Mouths, Nostrils, or Ears. In short, Imagin you saw a real *Ass* in Humane shape, and such a one is a true *South-Country Cocks-Combaian*.

Of Ass-Sex.

Ass-Sex a Northern part of *Fooliana* the *Fond*, is somewhat better furnished with wit, and worthyer of a Travellers Observation; the People account themselves wonderful wise, and profess the searching into Natures most Abstruce Effects, never leaving till they have drawn one reason or other, from the very bottom of Investigation.

They have but one eye a piece; not Born so, but the Parents at the Childs

Childs Birth plucks out the other as being uſeleſs in nature; for ſay they, when one Eye is ſhut, the other hath a ſtronger faculty to diſcern.

Part of this Nation go all naked, to avoid the Labour of caſeing and uncaſeing: Some of them have Houſes built without Walls, that the freſh Aire may have free Acceſs; ſome of them build Neſts like Daws in the higheſt Trees, partly becauſe they might dwell nigher Heaven, and partly to exerciſe themſelves in Climbing.

Every particular man has his peculiar Opinion, and profeſſion; ambition and deſire of Glory, draws ſome of them into ſtrange and incredible Actions; you ſhall have ſome going up and down the Streets on their Heads and Hands, others flying about with Wings made of Wax and Feathers.

Some like your *Italian Mountebanks*, draw the People together, to behold the effects of ſome rare *Unguento*, or ſome ſtrange *Engine*.

Others out of the baſeſt Mettals, by a Secret Art, can extract the pureſt Gold; 'tis worth the laughing at, to ſee the Toyſome folly of theſe Extractors: Theſe Students for the *Philoſopher Stone*; for look ye, while they hope all goes well, it being brought to the Magnitude of a *Brick-Bat*, they are gull'd, and gull'd and Treble gull'd, and yet can't find in their hearts to give it over, till all their Gold be converted to Droſs, and all their Land by fire turn'd to Aire.

One of them of late, as I was informed, would needs repair to the *Oracle*, to know the event of this ſo ponderous a buſineſs; the *Oracle* gave him this anſwer, *Travaillex*, which is, *take pains*; home comes my Student with ſuch an Extacy of Joy, as if he had hold

of

of his god by the Finger; and when all came to all, it was the *Devil by the great Toe.* Well, to work he falls, with Circulations, Sublimations, Conjunctions and Fermentations, till all his Brazen headless labour ended in putrefaction, till Revenues and Reputation were both dead and rotten; whereas indeed, the *Oracle* gave him better Councel than he could comprehend, *Take Pains.* That is,

A Mathook, and a Spade, will get thee Gold,
Sooner than Chymistry a Thousand Fold.

Of the Cityes of Cocksconb-baya *and* Ass-Sex, *and of* Blocksford *the Metropolitan.*

THe first City I Accosted in this Country, was *Hollow-Pate*, a Town of Good antiquity and well contrived; but affords no rarity; therefore I leave it, and pass on to

Bauble-

Bauble-dock, a Corporation Worthily Famous, for the Wisdom of their *Aldermen*: These men a little before my arrival, held a Court about Determination of a very doubtful matter; which was thus.

The Sky was very Cloudy, and a terrible storm of Rain or hail was generally feared. The Mayor immediately calls a Bench, who were to Consult how to dispel the suspected Storm.

The First Mans advice, was to Ring all the Bells in the Town; another Advised rather to make great Fires in every Street; thereby to dry up the Moysture of those thick Clouds; at length, the Opinion of one of the gravest Aldermen was demanded, who standing up, Confutes the Opinions of the two former Politicians, adding his advice, which was, that the only quirk to avoid the impending peremptory Storm, was to Issue forth Immediate Orders, commanding

ing

ing all the Citizens to shroud themselves under the Roofs of their own Houses, and so let it all fall to the ground, that so when those bigg-fac'd, bragging Clouds, found no resistance, they would destroy themselves, and expend their fury before they were aware; Was not this an ingenious Intrigue? Yes, believe me t'was, and had the Unanimous approbation of the whole Bench; *Twittle Twattle, don't tell me, Wisdom is not bound to Inhabit only Europe.*

Blocks-ford The very eye of all Terrestial Cities is here seated, *Civitas Angelorum*, are but *Peas-Markets* in comparison of this.

It stands partly on a plashy plain, and partly upon a little Mountain, both lying Northward, a great distance from any Wood or River: The upper part of the Town serves the lower with Snow-Water; the lower serving the upper with Spring-Water.

There

There are in the Circumference of the Walls, juſt *Sixteen Gates*, wherein (to the Founders Fame) it exceeds all the Cities of the World by four; the Geometrical form is neither Circuler nor Oval, but like the portraiture of a mans Body; he that Surveys this Town, will Imagine that he beholds *Prometheus*, as he lies bound upon Mount *Adazer*: Or, the Lineaments of ſome mighty *Coloſſus*.

The Market place is on the Hills top, for that being the Head of the City, Adminiſters life and Nouriſhment to the expanded Body.

On this Mountains top, the *Magnificoes* and *Seniors* of the City have their habitations, to the end, that as they are the Head and Eye of of the City; ſo the Body ſhould lye as a fitter Object to their proſpect.

Down from this head deſcendeth a narrow Street, which reſembles the Neck; which is Inhabited only with

with *Sergeants*, *Beadles*, and *Deputy Constables*: From the lower end of this Street, do two other extend themſelves on either ſide, reſembling the Arms and Hands. Theſe are peopled, though but ſorrily, with Handy-crafts Men, but with few or no Crafts-Maſters.

The Bulk of this Fabrick Lyes in a Broader Street, and here you have all your *Inns*, *Ale-Houſes*, and *Taverns*, down to the Loyns; the lower parts being Inhabited by *Scavingers*, *Jackes-Firmers*, *Broom-Men*, *Fiſh-Wives*, and *Card-match Wenches*, which I ſhall Let alone.

The *Magnificoes* build their Houſes of a ſtately Form, and very lofty, to be thereby the nearer to Heaven; and more elevated from this unrefined Dunghil of Terreſtial Converſation. Their Houſes are curiouſly depicted within, with the Names of their Anceſtors, Gueſts, and intimate Acquaintance; *Done with Charcoal, or the Flame of a Tallow Candle.*

The

The *Grand-Dunſanions*, for ſo the Burgomaſters Tytle themſelves, whilſt I was there, held a *Parliament* about matters of State in general; and in particular about Securing, Brautifying, and Advancing the Publick good of this City of *Blocksford*, where every one (as is allowed) gave his Opinion, touching the Commodious Advantages thereof; one Adviſes them to cauſe a Convenient Haven to be cut through the Mountains, (though it was above five hundred Miles from the Sea) that Ships may Trade to the City; produceing examples of other Cities, whoſe Glory ſtood wholly upon the Riches of a Navigable Trade.

A Second riſeth, and to confute all the others Arguments, Diſcourſes what a dangerous thing it is to repoſe Confidence in ſuch an inconſtant element; producing divers Examples of Cities that lay buried in the devouring Womb of the Seas.

Ano-

Another rather adviſes, that *Conduits* may be Erected in the Vallies, that will elevate, and defuſe the Water in ſmaller ſtreams, without fear of Delluges; which may be conveyed in pipes from below to the Mountains top, which is eaſy to be done; ſaies he, for if you obſerve the Water, how it bubbles upwards, thereby denoting, that it is willing to aſcend, if it had but Pipes for Conveyence.

Well, none of theſe paſſes the Approbation of the *Bench*, but then ſuddenly up ſtarts a Fourth, and he is for raiſing a high Mountain above the City, for theſe ſubſequent uſes.

Firſt, becauſe the whole World might not take notice of the Actions of the *Blocks-fordians*; and more eſpecially of the *Grand-Dunſonions*. Secondly, That thereby the City would be better fortified. Thirdly, That they might be better defended from Cold, by the warm Scituation of the City, under ſo high a Mount; and

and that this Mountain the Inhabitants of the Valley ſhould dig below, and ſo lay it together above the head of the City, and then a Bridge ſhould be built from one Mountain to the other; by which the City might be Accommodated with neceſſaries.

This Speech ended, up ſteps another, and ſmiling, demands if it were poſſible *that a Valley ſhould produce a Mountain:* But ſaid he, ſhould we allow a poſsibility, yet to build a Bridg were indiſcretion; for, ſhould a Traveller ſtumble, or loſe foot-hold; there were no way in the World to eſcape preſent death, or which is worſe, the breaking of an Arm or a Leg: No, but if my ſmall Experience in State-Affairs, may Receive Approbation of this Grave Aſſembly of *Dunſonions*, I would rather adviſe to an enterpriſe which may be eaſily effected, and would advance the Honour and Dignity of this Metropolitan City, which is this: That

That every man according to his Ability, ſhall erect a Spire upon the top of his Houſe; and upon the uppermoſt point thereof ſhall advance a *Cock*, Vulgarly called a *Weather-Cock*; either of Braſs, or Silver, with a *Combe* of Gold, or Goldſmiths Work. This *Cock* to be moveable, and to follow the expreſs commands of the Wind.

And in every Spire I would have *Chimes*, or at leaſt a *Clock*, to ſtrike hourly; which being once compleated, O! What Pathetick Spirit can expreſs the reduplicated delight which will redound from hence, both to the Eye and Ear!

To ſee ſuch a glittering fulgur of *Lofty Spires*, and to hear ſuch a ſweet Clamor of *Harmonious Bells*.

He had not quite cloſed his Mouth, before the whole Court opens in Acclamations, and Approbations, of this Project, ſo gravely and States-Man like propounded, and preſently the Bench aroſe, com-

Commanding the performance, according to this so Learned Advice; so that, he that in his Travels shall hereafter Arrive at this City, will find it in far more Glorious Estate then it was my hap to behold. That's certain, for I saw some of the *Scaffolds* raised before I came from thence.

Of the Marquisate of Spendall-ezza.

NEre unto *Blocks-ford*, lyeth the *Marquisate* of *Spendall-ezza*, a Country not long since very Rich, and of Antique and Honourable Memory; but now it is quite gon down the Wind: I observed nothing worthy of note, except a Large Forrest called *Acteons Dogg-Kennel*, and an Eight square City called *Hey-Dice*; with another little Corporation, by the Inhabitants named *Hawks-Pearch*.

The Inhabitants of all these are the

the only Spenders under the Moon; they ſtudy nothing in the World but the Miſtery of ſcattering; ſome delighting in Rich *Habits*, ſome in *Doggs*, ſome in *Hawks*, ſome upon a pair of *Ivory Cubes*, or *A pack of Speckled Paſt-boards*; and thus their patrimonies take Wing, and when all is gone but Garments, Ene have at all, and farewell them too.

The *Dice*, or the *Brokers*, are their Ordinary Chapmen; well, what's a man but his pleaſure: But now whether this *Marquiſate* belongs to *Fooliana the Fond:* Or, *the Fat*? that I cannot reſolve: But however, I am ſure 'tis within the Territories of *Fooliana the Great*.

Some Lawyers and Uſurers have formerly inhabited about this Country, but in this Latter Age they are all tranſported, and moſt of them dwell now about the City of *Pick-Pocket-an-gul*, in the Province of *Thevingenia*, of which I ſhall diſcourſe by and by.

In

In this Continent joyning to *Spendall-extra*, is the Antient port of *Cold-harbour*, which is joyning to *Prodigalls Promontory*, which is a Sanctuary to Banckrupt Debtors. To this place Reſorts all that are caſt in Law, or ſuch as are Inſufficient to ſatisfie their deluded Creditors.

Thoſe in this Country that have any Sons, Aſſign them their patrimonys before Nature allows them any Beards: And if in caſe they dye before this time, all the Eſtate is left to their Wives; out of which ſhe pays their debts by *Sequeſtration*. But if they bury their Wives, they laviſh more on their Funerals, than would ſerve for a portion with the Fouleſt of their Daughters.

Of

Of Clawback-Court.

BEtween this *Marquiſate* and *Fooliana* the *Fat*, lieth another Nation called *Clawback-Court*, which is peopled with the ſtrangeſt Monſters that ever man beheld; every man has two faces, and ſpeaks with two Tongues.

This Nation is Born to ſervitude, and voluntarily make themſelves Slaves to the *Magnificoes* of *Fooliana* the *Fat*, which Borders upon this Country? And though they are ſo ſottiſh, that they cannot of themſelves enterpriſe any thing worthy of commendation; yet they can immitate, and Counterfeit any Action they ſee done before them. The World has not the like for exact reſemblances; they neither wear Attire, ſpeak word, or do deed, but they have ſeen the like before.

When

When I was there, they halted all upon one Leg, and went Spiting and Spawling from Morning till Night: The Reason was, as I since understood, that *Seignor-Tickle-Ear* their Governour, had of late hurt his Foot, and withall was troubled with an Old *Pocky-Cough*.

There are by Report, some Gallants among them, pertaining to the Court, speak to, or look but upon one of them, and you shall have him presently kiss his hand, cringe in the Ham, and with a Laborious Congee, like an *Eccho*, Reverberate the last word you speak; and with an Applauding smile twist within you, with the most fawning Terms immaginable. Mustring up a whole *Heralds-Office* of Titles, and top-heavie Preambles. Then putting his lips together, stand hovering for your next Syllable, to understand how his last was approved: which if Current, though scarcely Sense, is presently Recorded in his

Table

Tables as more than Humane Conceipt, nay, as an adored Oracle; then standing with his Eyes fixt on the Element, adores you with as warm a Zeal, as a *Drink-All-Main* does *Bacchus* upon all four.

These incredible Courtiers are the Principal Gentry in these parts, or at least their outward appearance presents them so: As for the rest, they are, or look like *Barbers*, *Sales-Men* and *Millenders*.

They acknowledge no *God*, but the man whom they make choice to serve; and him they observe with more Sacrifices and Adoration than an *Idol*, but it is from the the Teeth Outwards.

The first City in this Region is called, *Praise-all*: A sight-affecting Structure; but so slightly Built, that there is no hope it should stand long. It is much enriched by the Traffick of the River *Fiction*, and is often damnified by the Inundations of the same. Nere this

Town ſtandeth a Village called *Tongue-Walk*, where the Inhabitants are continually talking; this Village is Scituate at the Foot of a Mountain, from whence it ariſeth as far as *Tickle-ear*, a Famous Burrow-Town, where ſtands the Mannor-Houſe of their *Senior*; who derives his Title from hence.

The Inhabitants imploy themſelves in continual Laughters.

On the other ſide of this Mount, lieth a pleaſant valley called *Soothing-Dale*; and at the further end thereof, is a *Marſh* called *Scoffstowſen*, which reacheth down as far as *Shameſteed*; a Town of infamous note, whither they uſe to baniſh all their *Witches*, *Conjurers*, *Aſs-trologers* and *Almanack-Makers*.

Of

Of Fooliana the Fat.

THis Region appears to exceed all the Southern Countries round about for Wealth and Pleasure; and were it as it seems, I question whether the whole Northern World, could find a Country to parallel it: But indeed, the People generally feign to have what really they have not; and do fairly amplify that which they possess.

There is a double ledg of Mountains extend some ninety *German* Miles in length, and between them is a spacious Plain of the same length; and this is *Fooliana* the *Fat*, through which the River of *Ease*, a very goodly Current, hath its course, with many Semi-circling Meanders.

Do but imagine what delicate Prospects, are from so many stately Cities, as are ranked on the Mountains sides, over the fertil

Plaines, ſo Richly watred; and ſtored with fat paſtures, which are Inviron'd with comely ranks of flouriſhing *Willows*.

The neatneſs of theſe Cities excells their number; yet are they but of a ſlight kind of building; and though their outward forms promiſe all decorum; yet within you ſhall find very little good Order.

At the Mouth of the paſſage, through theſe Mountains, ſtandeth the Caſtle of *Braggadril*, proudly Built, but beggarly Stated; And nigh unto it is *Backbiting-Burg*: By this Town is a Rock of incredible altitude called *Breakneccliff*; it is as broad at the top, as at the bottom, and beareth the form rather of a Tower built by mans hand, than any work of Nature. This Rock is as famous for a place of Execution here, *as ever the* Tarpeian Cliff *was in* Rome.

On the other ſide of this Famous Cliff ſtands the City of *Bawds-Den*.

Den. This City has been oftener on fire than ever was Old *Rome*; partly through the Negligence of the Citizens, and partly through the aptneſs to take fire; for they uſe in their Buildings *Brimſtone* inſtead of *Lime*, and *Brandy* inſtead of *Water*, which ſerves them inſtead of *Turris* or *Morter*, being mixed together.

Adjoyning to this, is Scituate another little City called *Puncks-neſt* Built all of *Flint*; and a little further towards the Frontires of *Idle-Burg*, lie thoſe large Mountains, commonly called *Holiday-Hills*; where the people keep continual Revels; and ſit in Judgment upon ſuch as offend by obſerving working dayes.

Two fair Cities are ſeated on theſe Hills, *Games-bury* and *Merry-Com-twang*; and on the Eaſt ſide of them the River *Eaſe* falls into the River *Idle*, making three or four *Iſlands*, called by the Inhabitants

the *Dancing-Isles*, Inhabited only by *Organists*, *Pipers* and *Fidlers*.

The
Quality and Conditions of the People.

EVery Individual man in this Country professes himself a Gentleman Born. And most of them can shew *Pedigrees* for a thousand years before the World was created; you shall have their Galleries drawn with their Lineal and Collateral Descents, though the Neighbours are able to prove, their *Grandfathers* were either *Carters*, *Costermongers*, or *Coblers*.

Their best sort of Gentry content themselves with the poorest fare that ever attended a fasting-day; yet some of them perhaps will make a feast once a year; which for excess of Provisions, and Multitudes of Guest, will put a period to the Inviters Revenues; who all the year after will defraud his

his barking ſtomach, to accomodate the back with the beſt he can rake together; yet will they never acknowledg or confeſs their defect of Belly-Timber, but the contrary; where ever you meet them about dinner time, you may obſerve them picking their Teeths, as if newly come from the deſtruction of a Regiment of Diſhes.

No man that knows them will lend them a Groat upon their Credits: Therefore they are obliged to to hire their Apparel at the Burrow Town of *Brokeria*, or take it up at Bumaree of the Merchants of *Tallymore*.

They give themſelves tedious long Names, and delight to have their Country and alliance mentioned in their Titles; which being joyned together, it is directly impoſſible to pronounce in a breath. *The Gentleman-Cook* at the Ordinary where I dined, was named *Signior Hernando Gonzalo Ribadenira*

de Toledo; They wear their *Swords* generally as long as their Titles; for I hapned to be there when the Youth were *Training*, or indeed more properly *Trayling*; as appears by their *Trayling* of *Swords* at their heels, as we our *Pikes* to accommodate the Funerals of a Field-Officer: But hold there, ſtand clear a little, I am reſolved to have one touch at this long *Sword* with my verſe-Pen:

Walking the Fields *to view the Martial* Train,
With Drums *and* Colours *Marching on the* Plain.
What which I ſaw which moſt Delight affords,
Was Pigmy-Gyants, *with* Gygantick Swords.
Have you a Barbers Pole, *or* Sign-Poſt *view'd,*
Such was each Weapon, *as to* Longitude:
But was not altogether quite ſo Large,
Hung like the Rudder *of a* Weſtern Barge?
The Pommel *like the* Helm, *each by his Hand,*
Steers *his* ſmall Burthen'd Bark *with, at Comand.*
The Guard *or* Hilt *I fancied did appear,*
Like nothing more than a deep Cullender.
I ſaw one drawn; and then it look't, me thought,
Like a long Spit *run through a* Porridg-Pot.

Which

Which on a March Good Service may afford,
Steal but a Lamb *and Spit it on the* Sword;
And a good ſhift for Roſt-meat, *take my* Word.

Oſtridge Feathers are as dear with them, as *Ruſſia Furs* with us; ſome of them will hang Bells at their heels, that the noiſe may attract peoples eyes upon their graceful carriage as they paſs the Streets.

One thing I marvelled at among the reſt, (as well I might); moſt of them, inſtead of Meat, live upon the fume of a certain Herb, which they receive through a long Engine made of white Clay into their Mouths; from whence it iſſues like the fume of a *Brewers Chimney*; I know not certainly whether they had this from the *Weſt Indians*, or the *Weſt Indians* from them: Yet ſome affirm, that the *Indians* of the *Torred Zone* Invented the ſame to make themſelves black within, diſliking to have their inner parts of one Colour, and their outward of another.

Some of them waſt their patrimonies upon this kind of Diet, Smoaking ſo long till all the Fat be in the Fire, and all the Fire out of the Kitchen.

Some of them eſpecially in *Bawds-Den*, and *Punks-neſt*, keep certain females as long as their Eſtates will laſt; (certain did I ſay) well I was miſtaken; for when they have ſweetned you out of moſt of your *Superfluous Guinies*: Their Lodgings are removed, and 'tis very uncertain where, or when, either you or their Landladies ſhall ſee them again. Theſe had formerly the Titles of *Harlots*: But ſince their Language has been more Civilized, they give them the *Alamode Name of Courtezans*, which the Modern Tranſlation Renders *Miſs*: Beſides a Wife, theſe Supernumeraries are allowed, to ſuch as can maintain them both by Law, and the Antient Cuſtom of the Country.

Of the Paradice of Fooliana *the* Fat.

THere is not in all *Fooliana*, ſo Rare and Stupendious a Monument, as *The Paradice of* Fooliana *the Fat*; A work worthy of admiration: You ſhall afar off, behold a ſhining Mountain all of pure Gold, or it ſeems ſo, and that's as good; framed in old time by Chymical Art. On the top of this Mountain ſtandeth a Palace of Criſtal, built by the *Goddeſs Fortune*, where ſhe Inhabits, giving freely all Abundance to her Credulous Worſhipers.

Hither do People Flock from all the Nations of the World; but eſpecially from *Fooliana* the *Devout*: There are very few in the World but have ſeen this Mount, and Aſcended it.

Men

Men may talk of our Lady of *Loretto*: Or, St. *James* of *Compoſtella*: They are but Deſarts, in Compariſon of this. Here the Pilgrims lye proſtrate in the Valley as thick as hailſtones in the Road after a froſty Storm, but none muſt approach the aſcent of the Hill, till they behold a white Banner diſplayed, which is a ſign the *Goddeſs* is pleaſed they ſhould aſcend; then unanimouſly with Acclamations they bellow, *Madona Scoperta*; and then run that run can, crowding one another in the narrowneſs of the paſſage; happy is he that can get firſt; each praying that it would be the *Goddeſſes* pleaſure to grant his deſires.

One prayes to attain his Love; Another, that Fortune would ſend him a Wife that is no *Shrew*: A Third, for *Honours*; A Fourth, for *Riches*; here you ſhall have a parcel of Young *Heirs* praying for the *Deaths of Parents and Uncles*;

and

and there a *Crowd of Beardleſs Students*, praying devoutly for the Funerals of the *Reverend*, and Right *Reverend*.

Their was an *Old Fat Blade* Cloathed with a Coate paley of Argent and Sable, and on his head a Crown of very Antick Faſhion, almoſt like a *Dutch*-Womans *Stove-Pot* with the Bottom out; this kind of Crown the Inhabitants call a *Timer*. This Old Fellow prayed heartily for the Death of the preſent *Pope*.

Another King-like Perſon ſued for the next Monarchy that fell; but he was ſent away as cold as a Snow-Ball. Here ſtood a Flock of hard-favoured Wenches, moſt of their ſuit was for *Beauty*; ſome for *Sweet-Hearts*: There a parcel of Old Women with as many *Oaken Trees* in their heads, as *Teeth*; and theſe expected to be ſet back to the age of Eighteen: You muſt note, there were abundance more than I could take notice of. Well

Well, But how came they off? For that take one Example of a person that sought for Honour: Comes one of the *Flammins* to him, blindfolds him, takes him by the hand, and leads him through a hundred Turnings, to a place which he is to believe is the Temple of the *Goddess*, not to be beheld with mortal eyes, and therefore he was Muffled: Down he must upon all four, and kiss the pavement, and so continue without moving, till the *Goddess* call him by his Name: Then let him demand what he list; (If he effect her commands without delay or distrust) be his request never so difficult, it shall be fulfilled. Well, he propounds his petition, which was the highest pitch of earthly honours: the *Goddess* assents very graciously, commanding him to receive a Holy portion; whereby his Spirits should be better adapted for the ensuing felicity; the *Flammin* presents him the Cup, which

which he freely drinks off, praiſing in his thoughts its delicious taſte; being ignorant that it is a portion prepared of *Poppy*, *Opium* and *Lettice*; and ſuch other procurers of Sleep; well, within an hour he's as faſt, that it is as eaſie to remove a Mountain as to awake him.

Then the Attendants lay him in a Rich Bed, and in a Chamber like a Kings, Clad with Ivory, and Arched with Golden Pillars; all the Tables ſpread with Carpets: *The Arras of Champania, and the Tapeſtry of Alexandria*, are but *Sackcloath* in compariſon to them.

About the Door ſtands the Attendants in Gold Chaines, and all other Courtier-like Accouterments, expecting when this *Endimion Junior* will awake, which is commonly three dayes after; who lifting up his head, beholds the Room with amazement: And ſeeing this fair company of ſhining attendance, is wholly transformed with wonder. Whileſt

Whileſt they approach in Order with a Ceremonious reverence, ſaluting the awakened King, with the Titles of Majeſty, (I proteſt this is brave): ſayes one, What Apparrel will it pleaſe Your Majeſty to wear to day; either your ſuit of *Tiſſue* Embrodered with *Rubies*, or your *Gold Veſt* with *Carbuncle Buttons*, or your *Pearl-powdered Campaign*? Yes, yes, *Tiſſues*, *Rubies*, *Pearles*, *Diamonds*, *Carbuncles*; hay day, why the mans an *Endimmion* indeed; and won't change ſtates with the *Man in the Moon*, for all his Cellar of *Claret*.

Well, Rich Garments are brought, every one Aſſiſting to array this Mighty Monarch, ſetting a *Diadem* upon his head; adorned with *Pearles* of Incredible Magnitude, and Luſtre: All this goes well ſtill.

Well thinks he to himſelf, get Dinner ready, (as 'twas time, having not eat in three dayes); ſo thought

thought; ſo done; Dinner is prepared and ſerved up in State; ſuch rare Services; ſuch brave Attendants; with ſuch Harmonious Muſick. *Nineteen Muſes* can't furniſh a man with words ſufficient to deſcribe it.

Thus is the whole day ſpent, the fine King ſuppoſing all his own ſtill: Well, Night comes up with ſupper; and up comes Supper with more Rarities, and Richer Attendants then waited at Dinner; and for Concluſion of the Feaſt, the Royal King has tother Draught given him of the Holy Potion, which preſently locks up his ſences faſt enough; and then my poor twelve-hours King is ſtript of his *Teſſues* and *Rubies*, and reinveſted with his own Garments; carryed out at a Poſtern Gate, and laid in the High-way for paſſengers to gaze on; who when he awakes, falls into as great amazement as before, and calling to mind how glorious

a

a ſtate he was enthroned in yeſterday; and now finding himſelf utterly deprived of all; curſes his own misfortune; not attributing the leaſt deficiency or unwillingneſs to the *Infallable Goddeſs*.

Of Fooliana *the Devout.*

UPon the Weſtern part of the two *Foolianas*, the *Fat*, and the *Fond*, lyeth *Fooliana* the *Devout*; a Region fertile enough in it ſelf, but through the Inhabitants negligence, altogether uncultured.

The Inhabitants are of Opinion, that a man cannot do God better ſervice, than in the utter neglect of himſelf.

There are ſeveral pretty Hamlets in this Province; as *Fragment*, Sirnamed the *Mouldy*, *Wonderfield*; and a little way from them, lieth *Creep-ham-high-Croſs*, and *Cringing-Beck*.

The

The Borders of this Nation are but desarts; and some of the Villages have but few Inhabitants, as *Lent-Stow*, *Pilgrims-Inn*, and *Scourge-Nock*, are left almost desolate, only once a year they are visited by some few *Venetians*.

The number of *Monastries* in this Country, exceeds the Number of their Towns; there is not one Freeholder Inhabiting in all these parts, for the *Cloysters* have Monopolized all the Land every Straws bredth, to make the better Cheer for their *gods*.

Four sorts of Building is observed in this Country, *Temples*, *Monastries*, *Hospitals*, and *Hovels*.

They are all of one Religion, but they know not what it is; for they profess Ignorance, and neglect enquiry, following Tradition.

In their pace, they make continual *Crosses*; one thigh Thwarting the other at every step; so likewise, they carry their Armes one

Cross

Croſs another: They have goodly *Temples*, and yet they will down on their Marrowbones in the open Fields (if they ſpy but an Antick-face upon a Stone, or an Old Logg) ratling their Beads at leaſt two and fifty times over.

There are more gods belonging to this Country than men, ſome of them augmenting the number of their Deities with Adoration of Horſes, Hoggs and Hounds; every day giving life to a new Deity. There has been two hundred made in one Temple upon one day.

Theſe *Fooliander*s never touch any thing, be it Water, Oyl, Salt, Wax, or Iron, before the Divel is driven out of every corner of it.

In this Province, is the rareſt Miracle that ever Nature ſaw, or man heard of. In the Hamlet of *Wonder-field*, there is not a Stone but can hear, ſee, weep, laugh, move,

move, cure Diſeaſes, ſweat Blood, and do more than ever was done by the *Semones*, the *Dæmons*, or all the Black-Guard whatſoever.

The State Publick of Fooliana *the* Devout.

THeir principal Governer, is a Compound of *Emperor* and *Prieſt*, or half *Prince*, and half Biſhop; *parte per pale*, wearing a *Crown* upon a *Miter*: Or, a *Miter* in a *Crown*.

There is alwaies born before him, a *Key* and a *Sword*, the emblems of of riches and Power. His *Key* ſignifieth, that all the *Foolianders* Cabinets are at his Command; his *Sword* denotes, that he may at his own pleaſure take from others, and defend his own.

All

All that comes into his presence, must kiss his *Toe*. He is not born, but chosen, to this Dignity; yet not before he be very Old, lest the People should be weary of him, before he be weary of his Life.

He seldom Rides but upon Mens Shoulders, to shew that men in respect of him, are but as Beasts in respect of Men.

He never demands a penny Tribute of any Subject, but what they give willingly; he receives thankfully, and spends freely.

He makes no Laws, nor keeps any; nor issues any Decree, but once within two Years it is out of use.

He useth his Servants with much Familiarity; and when he pleases, lifts them up above the greatest Men in his Court.

I might have learned much more in this Court worthy of Observa-

Obſervation; but to tell you the Truth, I was weary on't, and did not care to tarry any longer then needs muſt.

THE

THE Fourth Part.

The Description of Theevingenia.

Its Scituation.

THeevingenia is bounded on the West with the *Streights* of *Magellanus*, and on the East with *Fooliana* the *Devout*, and part of *Belly-All-Main*. It is a Soyl so utterly void of fertility, that not a *Shepheard* nor Husbandman can be

found in all the borders; yet is it not strange that this barren Country should so abound in all necessaries; nay, and Superfluities also? There is no rarity, or excellent thing of valuable worth in the World, but they will have it by hook, or by Crook; and when they have got it, you may as soon get a fart from a Dead man, as recover it again from their Clutches.

The Easternmost part is inriched by the *Spoyles of the two* Foolianas; *the* Fat, *and the* Devout. The Western by the *Spaniards Cacaplates*. These are the most Notable Pyrates of the Globe.

The whole Country is divided into two Seigniories, *Robbers-Waldt*, and *Liegerdemain*. The first of which butts upon *Fooliana*, and an Angle of *Belly-All-Main*: The latter lieth more West.

Contrary to the other *Thievingenians*. The wandring *Robbers-Walders* keep themselves in their own

own Bounds; but all of them are for the most part Barbarous and Inhospitable.

The Conditions Of the Robbers-Walders.

Robbers-Waldt is divided from the two *Foolzunas* by the *Fenns*, usually called the *Filching-Fenns*; wherein there are Many Islands made by the turnings of the Water; The whole Region is so Woody and Mountainous, that it seems rather a Desart than a place Inhabited; and appears a place fitter for Rebellion, then Habitation.

Their Language is very crabbed, and though I did not care to understand it; I observ'd in it a *Mixture of Welsh*; which seems to have been taught them by some Antient Travellers of our Western *Brittains*.

This Seignority is Indifferenly well peopled, but under no Government; each man holds himself born only for himself, and liveth obeying and respecting himself only; what he gets from another is forthwith his own, as good and Lawful prize.

In Bodily shape they are like us, only all the Inlanders have *Claws* upon their Hands instead of *Nails*; and this is not only Natural to all the *Robbers-Walders*, but to the *Liegerdemaintifs* also.

Upon the Mountaines of this Soyl breedeth a kind of People called the *Baudity*; who usually beggs of Passengers, with a *Fezee* upon their Shoulders: they are the Keepers of *Booty Forrest*, a frith so called; which is of that breadth, that the high *Dutch Hercinian* adding to it *Englands Sherwood*: They are both but a dayes Journey for an *Irish Louse*, (Let her march never so fast) if compar'd to this.

He

Ile justifie, and be as good as my word; that if *Hercinia* kept ten thousand Thieves, (as 'tis supposed it did, *Beaty Forrest* maintains a hundred thousand *Hercinia*! Why 'tis a Blanket for a Cat, a meer Cock-pit; nay, 'tis no bigger then a Tobacco-Box, in comparison of *Beaty-Forrest*.

You shall not find any man of State but keeps a Fort or Garrison: And in these Fortresses they keep all they purchace; and thats no small prize. They are no Shittle-cocks; what they have they hold.

When they march out upon their Expeditions; The poor Commonalty are sure to untruss their Portmantles under the Branches, and lay their Noddles close to the Root of some Antient Oak, (*Sic fuit ab Initio*) quoth the Gentleman to the Chandlers Son; So did your Fathers, and so must you, be you never so top-gallant.

Some of these *Villiacoes* lye in wait to make prize of poor Passengers; and when they catch them, they uncase them to the Skin, not leaving them so much as a tatter, to serve for a Curtain to the Worlds propagater.

The *Liegerdemainists* of late made a Decree, that no Younger Brothers shall have any share in the Fathers Land; and this Law hath added a great multitude of Volunteers to the *Robbers Walders*.

The *Devout Foolianders* you know are great Lovers of Crosses. Well, but they cannot love them so much as these hate them; therefore if any of them hap to be taken in *Robbers-Waldt*, farewel *Foolianders*, up they go as round as a *Juglers Box*; and the chief reason is, because these Devout *Foolianders* do use to mock the *Robbers-Walders*, by making *Gibbets* at them with their Fingers.

There

There is continual Diſſention and Civil Wars among themſelves, about injurious Booties forced from one another, or about dividing the Spoyles. And take my word Sir, the whole World fares the better for't; for ſhould they lay their heads together againſt our world, we might e'n put up our Pipes, and caſt our Caps at the Moon, for any Eſtates we ſhould hold long.

It is a great Commendation, and ſign of towardneſs in their Children, to be expert at Filching in their Early Years, which they are taught to practice from their Infancyes; you ſhall have the little *Theevelings* while they ſuck at their Mothers Breaſt, to pick pinns out of their Heads, and Pence out of their Purſes: But if they be taken in being either too ſlow-handed, or to boyſterous, up goes their Bumms without Baile. And

as they grow in Years, they must Augment their practice, by stealing *Ducks*, *Geese*, and so advanceing to Cattle: If Trading be dead, and nothing of worth to be had, then they must keep their hands in practice, by stealing a Clod from their Neighbours Ground, or a stake from his Hedg. This is usuall among the Borderers of *Legerdemain*; between which, and *Robbers-Waldt* lyeth a large Heath called *Lyers-bury-Plain*, of which we will Discourse when we have passed the Marine parts of *Robbers-Waldt*.

The

The Pyrates *and* Sea Borderors *of* Robbers-Waldt.

THese Pyrates disperse themselves all along the Shores of *Magellanus's Streat*, on the Banks *Theevingenia*, and among the Isles of the *Filching Fenns*.

Europe affords not any Sea-man that knows his Bays, Creeks, Tides, Shelfs, Rocks and Channels better then these men do in general; besides, they naturally Swim as the Fishes themselves.

Their chief Haven is *Jeer-All*, a Town of no great strength and compass, but of as hardy Pyrates as the World affords; it is Scituate in that Angle of *Robbers-Waldt*, that lyeth just upon the head of the *Filching-Fenns*, over against a part of *Belly-All-Main*.

The Shores hereabout are reported to be edged with Rocks of Loadſtones, which draws the Ships upon the Coaſts from an incredible diſtance.

A little within the River *Filching* there is another Town called *Lyſal*, which takes Tribute of all Veſſels that paſs that way.

The Inhabitants lay out great Hooks baited with Load-ſtones, wherewith they Angle for Ships as do for Trouts; and where it once ſeizeth, it keepeth its hold faſt. Theſe are alſo good Swimmers, being as expert and perfect in the Art as the *Dolphins*, and like *Crocodiles*, or *Engliſh Otters*, live as much in the Water as on the Land; of theſe do our *European* Navigators ſtand in great fear.

Of Lyers-Bury-Plain, *and of the City of* Pick-Pocket-Angul; *with the Nature of the* Liegerdemanians.

NOw I return to *Lyers-Bury-Plain*, which lyeth upon the verges of *Robbers-Waldt* and *Liegerdemain*; And serves for *a free Common* to them both; there is a River Runs through the midst of it called *Memento*, which divides the whole plain into two parts; and on this River are divers of the *Liegerdemanian* Towns and Garrisons seated.

Ever since *Spain* obtained the Conquest of these *Indians*, that border upon this Continent, the *Liegerdemanians* have tollerated the *Jesuits*, (those busie-bodies that will needs scald their Chops in the whole

whole Worlds Porridg) to pay their visits here; and also to Inhabit this Land; which the Irruptions of the *Robber's-Waldefs* had otherwise Depopulated.

Here are many *Astrology-Schools*, whose professors are more in favour with the *Leigerdemanians*, than any other Artists whatsoever, except *Poets* and *Lawyers*.

Here in a little Town called *Prediction*, I set up School my self, and read the Lecture of spying wonders in the Heavens urinal, as Methodically as any *Star-gazer* of them all: I had my *Ptolomy*, *Tycho*, *Guido Bonatus*, my *Bencorat*, my *Zabel*, my *Messahalach*, my *Abbohali*, and my *Hali Aben Razehel* all at my beck; and by their Prescriptions I wrote an infallible Prognostication of these present Times.

These *Liegerdemanians* are far more Sociable, or at least more cir-

circumspect and secret in their intriegues than the *Robbers-Walders*; for what these do in publick, the *Legerdemanians* act privately, living under a Law and a Prince also, whose Title is *Triberio-De-Golden-Gripo*; he keeps his State in a Delicate City called *Free-purloyn*, Scituate in the very heart of *Lyers-Bury-Plain*.

They never budge abroad in the day time, but keep within-doors, and contrive, what they bring to Action in the Night: They hate the *Sun*, and love the *Moon* with like extreams of Affection.

The Trees of this Soyl are Naturally qualified like the Inhabitants: No Bird can light upon them, but is presently taken as with Lime-twigs.

The Chief Town of traffick in these parts is *Pick-Pocket-Angle*, wherein are two Streets, *Tongue-Street*, and *Pawns-Brook*, which in my

my judgment, exceeds all the Streets of any one City in the World, for length and ſtatelineſs of Buildings. *Tongue-Street* is the general Rendezvouz of all the *Lawyers*; and *Pawns-Brook* of the *Brokers*, *Uſurers*, *Taylors* and *Scriveners*.

'Tis moſt certain, that no Nation under the *Moon* is ſtored with *Lawyers* as this is, who if they want means of Contention, play the Seedsmen themſelves; ſowing the Seeds of Animoſity and Diſcord among their peaceable Neighbours.

Our *Weſtminſter*, adding all the *Inns* of *Court* and *Chancery* to it, makes but a meer St. *Katherins-Hall*, in compariſon of the *Inner-Temple* of this Town.

Their Numbers do daily encreaſe; yet notwithſtanding, it is the Opinion of the wiſeſt Polititians of this Land; that they cannot continue long; for when they have eat up the

the whole Country, as they have almoſt done already; they muſt needs decline for want of Clyents, unleſs by the want of buſineſs to imploy themſelves, they ſhould fall out, and go to Law one with another; and by that means diſperſe abroad what they have Ravenouſly claw'd together, among the Comonalty again; and indeed, by this means, they may leave to their poſterities, a proſpect of more buſineſs, and better imployment, in ſucceeding Times.

Theſe *Lawyers Footmen* are cloathed in party-Coloured Liveries, *Like the Knave of Clubs*, to ſignify that their Maſters are ready to take Fees on either ſide.

The Uſurers afford them a conſiderable part of their imployment; but principally the violent Current of the River *Fraud*; which running among the *Quirkney Iſles*, eateth away one piece of Land here, and caſteth

casteth it up there; and afterwards walheth it away from thence, and layes it in a third place; changing its course now and then, and taking away one mans whole Estate, gives it to another: And this is that which makes work for the *Lawyers*.

Nature has wrought a very strange work upon the Inhabitants of this Town; their Skins do naturally attract Gold and Silver, with as powerful a strength as the Loadstone draweth Steel, and holds it as fast: If a piece of Gold touch but their hands, it sticks so close, that it is impossible with all your strength or force to unloose it from thence; a thing never seen elsewhere, and therefore the worthyer of Record.

Pawns-Brook is peopled with all sorts of Artificers; yet they open no Shops, but every one attends the Passenger at his own Door, with a

What

What lack you Gentlemen? And then if he gets a Chapman, he leads him in, and shews him his Wares in private; one shall shew you a chain Crusted over with thin Plates of Gold; and swear, that *India*, nor *Arabia* did never afford purer Mettal.

Another Cheats you with a counterfeit *Musk Cod*. A third with *Pearls* so dexterously adulterated, both for Weight, Fashion, Clearness, Smoothness and Bigness; that you cannot decern them from true ones; and there will he shew you the Shells wherein they grew. Here also you shall have your Lapidaries, with Gems of all sorts, able to delude the most decerning Eye in the World: The *Cyprian Diamond*, the *Sicilian Agate*, the *Indian Berrill*, the *Persian Eagle-Stone*, the *African Chalcedon*, the *Sythian Smaradg*, the *German Corneil*, the *Ethiopian Chrysolite*, and the *Lybian Carbun-*

Carbuncle; here they are all, and many more ready prepared by Art-Forgery.

Here are also *Apothecaries*, in great abundance; and these do nothing but Sophisticate Receipts with their *quid pro quo*, which would fill a Volume to make a discovery of their Deceits.

One thing I am both Amaz'd and Grieved at, they are never taken in their Falcifications, be they never so Palpable; but they have this Prevention, they can change their Shapes, Voices, Trades, and Habits instantly, and so Cunningly, that he goes about to wash a *Guiney-Negar* white, that seeks for the man to day, that bubbled him yesterday.

There is a Famous School in the Suburbs, where *Art-Spagirick* is read to the Youth of this City; and here they have a Book which they esteem as Holy as the *Turks* their

their *Alcaron*; it is called the History of *Mercury*, wherein is related, how he in his Infancy, stole *Neptunes Trydent*, *Mars*, his *Sword*, *Phœbus* his *Bow* and *Arrows*, *Vulcans Tongs*, and *Venus's Girdle*; and how ingeniously he cheated *Jove* of his *Thunder*, being as then so young, that he must of necessity learn the Theory of this Art in his Mothers Belly. This Book conteineth also, all instructions pertaining to the said Science, whereby the Student is thoroughly furnished with all Expert and Methodical Rules, how to Pick Locks, how to draw Latches, how to Tread without noise, how to Angle in a Lock'd Chest, with a twine Thred; how to Nim the Cole and never touch the Purse, and how to forswear all without Blushing; and a thousand such Secrets.

One of these Practitioners was ingeniously over-reached by a Merchant

chant Trading to this City, (no *Floridian* I assure you) from whose Pockets some Forty Royals had disimbarked themselves at the publick Exchange of this *City*: Well, our Merchant resolves to Fish for the Angler and to put his resolution in practice, caus'd his Pockets to be lin'd with Fish-hooks, fastned with the points downwards, and coming upon *Change* next day, would often clap his hands on his Pockets; this Bait was a sign of care in him, and of purchase to the busie Eyes of the watchful diver, who observing when he was more busie and less careful, slides his hand gently into the Trap, which the Gentleman all this while observed, but took no seeming notice, till he found him sunk pretty deep; when giving a sudden half turn, my nimble Artist was as fast moared, as a Ship with two Anchors at head, who rather then

view

view the face of Justice, disgorges the Royals very willingly, and (*Receiving two or three kicks on the Arss very thankfully*) sneaks off.

There are in this Town more then a good many *Inn-Keepers*; these are Knaves Rampant. A Traveller dares not trust his Purse under his Pillow, nor in an Iron Trunk; but must as the *Jews* did when Besieged, swallow their Gold all the night, and rake for it in his Close-stool next Morning, or it would be gon every scruple.

The Villages are only inhabited by *Millers*, *Taylors* and *Hostlers*; or according to the Antient Orthography *Oatstealers*, unless by chance you may meet with here and there a few straggling Gypsies.

Of the Province of Still-More: Or, Nunquam Satis.

NOt far from *Pick-Pocket-Angul*, lyeth the Province of *Still-More*, Antiently called *Nunquam Satis*.

It is in the Hands of a Monstrous sort of Humane Creatures, such as you see depicted in the Emblems of *Mondevill*, with Heads like Hoggs.

They go alwayes on their hands and Knees, lest they should miss any thing as they pass along the Streets, as is worth the taking up; their Voice is a kind of a grunting.

None are allowed to dwell amongst them but Old Folks, their Youth if they be Valiant, they send into *Booty-Forrest*, or else to the Schools of *Pick-Pocket-Angul*.

They

They do eat earth as the Woolf does when he is to fight; and some of them eat nothing at all, but live upon the sight of Gold and Silver, and never sleep but with their eyes open.

They serve a God, whom they call *Full-Chest*, with all Superfluous Reverence; and they never go to their Rests till they have seen him, nor do they eat but in his presence.

In the heart of this Province is a vast and bottomless *Lake*, called the *Gulph* of *Usury*; into which divers pleasant and famous Rivers, pay the last offerings of their *Silver Streams*; though no *Curram* can possibly be observ'd to take its head from this *Lake*; It being supposed to have some subterranean passage, which they imagine breaks out at the foot of *Executor Hill*, in the *Marquizate* of *Spendaleza*.

On

On the Banks of this dead Sea, are ſeated ſeveral Conſiderable Cities, whereof *Extortington* is the moſt formidable for a Garriſon; it is under the Government of the *Lord Covetuous Rack-rent*.

The Citizens are unwilling to attempt any thing that is hazardous; yet when once they are Ingaged, will ſtuddy a thouſand Intriegues and Stratagems to preſerve their intereſts.

This City was lately invaded, by the Valiant *Mendico*, Son to *Tatterdemallion* Duke of *Ragland*. The Reaſon of which Invaſion was (as I am inform'd) That whereas the Inhabitants of this Province, were Obliged by certain Articles, to defend and protect the Tatter'd Offspring of the Duke of *Ragland*: They have of late, not only withdrawn their aſſiſting *Auxiliaries*, but likewiſe committed many Outrages upon his Subjects, having lately

lately Murdered one of his Antient and Dear *Allies*, called *Hospitality*; and sorely bruised another, called *Charity*, which Cruelty was committed by Sir *Lavish Lackwit*, Son-in-Law to the Lord *Couetous Rack-rent*, by driving a *Coach* full of *Ladies* (with *Six Horses*) over them.

The aforesaid *Mendico*, with a mighty Army of *Raglanders*, having a Confedracy with, and Assistants of, two other Valiant Commanders, drew up his forces against this City, and besieged it: These Assistants were Senior *Gulletto*, Marquess of *Bowsington*, with his Regiment of *Journeymen-Shoomakers*; and *Count-Coucumber*, with two Regiments, consisting of about 20000 *Journeymen-Taylors*, all Cloath'd, not as *Adam* with *Figg-leaves*, but what is more serviceable, *Cabbage*; there came also as Voluntiers, a Troop of Old *Serving-men*, and another of *Younger-Brothers*.

During this Siege, many Sallies and Skirmishes happened, the Besiegers for the most part being the greatest Losers, especially at that Resolute and Fatal Sally of Captain *Tallymanda*, who with a Party of Foot, Consisting of *Marshals-men*, made great havock amongst them; so that what with the hardships of a long Siege, and being infeebled with dayly Losses, they were compell'd to quit their Stations, and leave the Citizens to their Antient Liberties, whilst the Recruitless *Raglanders* with their Weather-beaten Troops, drew off to their Winter Quarters: and 'tis thought Poverty will hence-forward keep them in Peace.

Touching the other Cities of this Province, there is *Swine-burrow*, a filthy stinking Town; then there is *Gatherington*, *Hoardsterdam*, and *Lock-up-a-lid*, all handsome Built things; but truly I could not come to View them within, because

becauſe every particular Citizen of all theſe places, hath a private Key to the Gates, to Lock at their going out, and their coming in; ſo that by this meanes they prevent the Acceſs of all Strangers: Therefore expect no farther Account of them, nor of any others, till farther diſcoveries are made, by a ſecond *Travel*.

FINIS.